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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS IN ENGLISH.—

TO-DAY, at Three, "FAUST," under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith. Characters by Miss Blanche Cole, Mrs. A. Cook, Miss Thirlwall, Messrs. Henry Haigh, H. Corri, E. Connell, O. Summers, &c. Conductor—Mr. MAXES. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Tickets; Stalls, 2s. 6d.; and Reserved Seats, 1s. Now ready.

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The Michaelmas Term will commence on Monday the 19th September, and terminate on Saturday the 17th December.

Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 15th September, at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE DREAM OF MY HEART," at his Provincial Engagements this Autumn. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., care of Mr. G. Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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(DIE WACHT AM RHEIN).

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London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

HEREFORD, Aug. 26.

The fragments left by Mendelssohn of his third oratorio, *Christus*, the plan of which he had not only contemplated but actually sketched out, gave unusual interest to yesterday's performance in the Cathedral. The non-completion of *Christus*, among the losses occasioned by the early death of Mendelssohn, is unquestionably the greatest. What he had done as a composer of sacred music warrants implicit belief that *Christus* would have turned out a masterpiece—something beyond *Elijah*, just as *Elijah* was something beyond *St. Paul*. Mendelssohn was never content to stand still, but, like Beethoven, was always progressing; and no composer of whom the records of art make mention had a fairer right than he to claim "Excelsior" for his motto. His own conviction that in writing *Christus* he was engaged upon what would eventually become his very greatest work met with unanimous assent, not merely from those who knew him personally but from those who knew him only, or principally, through his works. What we have got of it, little as that may be, is, we may reasonably presume, all he left absolutely finished. We have more than enough, however, to justify the assent referred to. There exist, as musical readers need scarcely be told, two unfinished scenes of very considerable extent. The first was to be included in the opening, the second in the closing part of the oratorio. The first bears reference to the nativity of Christ, the second chiefly to His persecution by the Jews and arraignment before Pilate. The first fragment begins with a recitative for soprano voice, "When Jesus our Lord was born in Bethlehem," in which is announced the advent of the wise men to Bethlehem. The recitative leads to a trio, "Say, where is He born, the King of Judea?"—in which the wise men declare they come to worship Him whose star they have beheld. To the trio succeeds a chorus, "There shall a star of Jacob come forth," terminating with a *chorale*, "As bright the star of morning gleams," constructed upon one of the most beautiful of the Lutheran tunes, and harmonized in Mendelssohn's own individual and engaging manner. The text of the recitative and air is taken from Matthew, that of the chorus partly from Numbers and partly from the Psalms. The general character of the whole is that of gentle and devotional loveliness, only modified at the announcement that a sceptre of Israel will rise up, "and dash in pieces princes and nations." The resumption of the first theme, however, restores the original tone of peacefulness and hope; while the mission of Jesus to bring salvation is proclaimed in the *chorale* which terminates the whole. The trio of the wise men, with its accompaniment of viola and violoncellos, is one of the most soothing and charming pieces of vocal harmony imaginable, and though much shorter, and entirely without pretension, is, in its way, quite equal to the chorus, than which Mendelssohn has written nothing more pure, nothing more finished and masterly.

The other fragment, consisting exclusively of recitatives and choruses represents the trial of Jesus before Pilate, and His ultimate sacrifice, at the furious instigation of the Jews. The text is derived from the Gospels of Luke and John. To the solo voice (a tenor) is allotted, in recitative, the narration of the story as it progresses, as well as the connecting words of the unwilling Pilate. The choruses, five in number, are thus knit together, and as, until the last, they never come to a full cadence, the whole forms one uninterrupted scene. They are all brief and declamatory, and all express the feelings and desires of the turbulent and exasperated multitude. In the first the Saviour is arraigned for refusing tribute to Caesar and for proclaiming himself King of Israel and "The Christ;" in the second he is accused of false teaching among the Jews; in the third the multitude insist that Barabbas shall be saved and Jesus be delivered up; in the fourth the fury of His calumniators having reached the highest pitch, they exclaim in wild and savage accents, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" in the fifth, Pilate consenting, they insist that having proclaimed himself "Son of God," he has violated a sacred law, and by that law must suffer. The admirable and forcible way in which the whole of this is musically expressed—and, doubtless, what we have here briefly described forms merely a portion of that which was intended as the great scene of the oratorio—more than anything else makes us feel what an irreparable loss the musical art has sustained. In addition to the foregoing there is a chorus, "Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children," which follows immediately upon Pilate's delivering up Jesus to be crucified, and descriptive of the feelings of a multitude of believers who follow Him to Golgotha—one of the most plaintive and touching pieces of choral music that even Mendelssohn, who in this particular style had no superior, ever composed. There is lastly a *chorale*, "He leaves His heavenly portals," another Lutheran tune elaborately harmonized, but having no apparent connection with anything that has preceded it. These fragments were composed by Mendelssohn to the Lutheran translation of the Bible, and the task of preparing the English version was confided to Mr. W. Bartholomew, to whom we are also indebted for the English *Elijah*.

The performance of the music of *Christus*, under Mr. Townshend Smith's direction was for the most part very good—in some cases, as, for instance, the chorus, "There shall a star from Jacob," beyond reproach. The tenor solo recitatives were assigned to Mr. Montem Smith, who is an excellent musician, and therefore competent to do them justice.

The setting of the 42nd Psalm, "As the hart pants after the water brooks," perhaps the most perfect example which Mendelssohn has left of this form of sacred music, was by no means so uniformly well executed; although Mdlle. Tietjens, whose labours during the week have been incessant, gave the air, "For my soul thirsteth for God" (oboe *obligato*, Mr. Crozier), with genuine feeling; while the quintet, "The Lord hath commanded," in which the accomplished lady was well supported by Messrs. M. Smith, Herbert, Swire, and Everett, could scarcely have been better rendered. The chorus which afforded most unequivocal satisfaction was the opening one, "As the hart pants;" that which was least to be commended was the final one, "Trust thou in God"—the former among the loveliest, the latter among the most elaborate and ingenious Mendelssohn has written. Of Mr. Henry Holmes's sacred cantata, *Praise the Lord*, set to the poetry of Dr. Watts, we may speak on another occasion. Enough at present that, while a composition of little or no pretension, it is the work of a real musician, and exhibits more than one trait of merit. Easy to execute, it offered no trouble to the chorus; while the solos, being entrusted to Miss Edith Wynne, were, it need hardly be stated, as well sung as they could well be. A selection from Handel's English oratorios, commencing with the overture to *Esther* (his first), comprising "What though I trace" (Madame Patey), and the double chorus, "From the censer," from *Solomon* (his 15th), "Farewell ye limpid streams" (Mdlle. Tietjens), "Deeper and deeper still" (Mr. Vernon Rigby), and the chorus, "When his loud voice," from *Jephtha* (his last), "Pious orgies" (Miss Edith Wynne), "Arm, arm, ye brave" (Mr. Santley), "From mighty Kings" (Mdlle. Tietjens), "Sound an Alarm" (Mr. V. Rigby), "Wise men flattering" (Madame Sinico), together with the choruses, "O Father whose Almighty power," and "We never, never will bow down," from *Judas Maccabeus* (his 12th), and terminating with the Coronation Anthem "Zadok the Priest," brought this extremely long, however judiciously varied, selection to an end.

That the largest attendance during the Festival was attracted to the Cathedral this day by the *Messiah*, which was given uncuttailed, and in which all the principal singers took part, need hardly be said, nor will it be doubted that the largest donation accruing to the charity was due to the same never-failing source. But of this, of the second miscellaneous concert, and of other matters connected with the success, financial and artistic, of the Festival we must defer speaking.

SATURDAY, Aug. 27.

What remains to be said about the 147th Meeting of the Three Choirs need not occupy much space. The second miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall was far more numerous attended than the first. Nevertheless, the programme consisted almost exclusively of familiar pieces, to speak of which in order and detail would be superfluous. The most interesting feature was a selection from the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, in which Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sinico, Miss Edith Wynne, Messrs. Montem Smith, Lewis Thomas, and Santley took part. This included the overture—of all comic orchestral dramatic preludes the raciest, most animated, and best; the duet, "Crudel! perché finora?" (Madame Sinico and Mr. Santley); the recitative and air, "Dove Sono" (Mdlle. Tietjens); Figaro's air, "Non più andrai" (Mr. Santley); the duet, "Sull' aria" (Madame Sinico and Mdlle. Tietjens); the canonized of canzonets, "Voi che sapete" (Miss Edith Wynne); Susanna's last air "Deh vieni non tardar" (Madame Sinico); and the stirring and admirable *finale*, in which, thanks to the plot contrived by the Countess and Susanna, the intriguing Count is brought to his senses, and everything satisfactorily cleared up. The whole of this melodious and thoroughly dramatic music seemed to please; everything was applauded, and both "Crudel! perché" and "Sull' aria" were re-demanded—compliance being given, by Madame Sinico and Mr. Santley, in the first instance, but politely refused, by the same lady and Mdlle. Tietjens, in the last. The orchestra also played the overtures to *Oberon* and *Semiramide*, the last especially with such spirit that the audience would willingly have listened to it again, had not the length of the programme made it incumbent on Mr. Townshend Smith to be chary of such indulgences. Mdlle. Tietjens added the great scene from *Oberon*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster;" and this made up the sum total of the "classical" element of the programme.

The remainder calls for no particular notice, unless it be a word in recognition of Miss Edith Wynne's delivery of S. Lover's "Angel's whisper"—as perfect an example of unaffected ballad-singing as could well be heard, and amply meriting the unanimous encore it obtained. At the end of the concert, according to invariable custom, the National

Anthem was performed—Miss Edith Wynne again giving the first verse as a solo.

The *Messiah*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments, now happily inseparable from the masterpiece of sacred masterpieces, was, as of old, the last performance in the Cathedral, and also, as of old, by many degrees the best. The choral portions more particularly, the choruses of the *Messiah* being as familiar as household words to all our provincial choral societies were almost without exception worthy of praise. When it is added that the solo parts were undertaken by Mdle. Tietjens and Miss Edith Wynne (sopranos), Madame Patey-Whytock and Miss Marion Severn (contraltos), Mr. Vernon Rigby (tenor), Messrs. Santley and Lewis Thomas (basses), Mr. Montem Smith being associated with Miss Severn in "O death where is thy sting?" and Mr. T. Harper accompanying Mr. Lewis Thomas in "The trumpet shall sound," all has been said that need be said to convince musical readers that the execution generally was no less good in this equally important department. The audience rose to their feet and remained standing in the accustomed places—a practice made respectable by tradition, when the overpowering "Hallelujah" is going on, but elsewhere, it may be suggested, "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

The last musical performance of the Festival was the evening "Chamber Concert," which it has now for some time been the custom to hold at the College-hall, connected with the Cathedral. There was a fair attendance of genuine amateurs at this entertainment, and they were rewarded by a varied and excellent programme. The first piece was Spohr's too rarely heard Sestet in C major, for string instruments, assigned to Messrs. H. Blagrove and Clementi (violins), R. Blagrove and S. Webb (violas), Pettit and Aylward (violincellos); the last was Mendelssohn's well-known Ottet in E flat, allotted to the same artists, with the addition of Messrs. Ralph and Rendle, to fill up the necessary complement of violins. Between the Sestet and Ottet came Mr. J. Lodge Ellerton's tenth string quartet (in F), played by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Pettit. Both the music selected and the manner of its performance afforded unequivocal satisfaction. Songs from Spohr and Handel, respectively given by Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Montem Smith, who also sang together a duet, the accompanist in each instance being Mr. Townshend Smith, enriched the programme and at the same time gave relief to the instrumental music.

The customary full-dress ball, which occurred at the Shire Hall, after the Chamber Concert, did not seem to exercise the same attraction as on previous occasions, and was, indeed, scarcely half so well attended as that of 1867. Several explanations have been given of this falling off, but none of them of sufficient interest to cite or to discuss.

Notwithstanding the unceasing prevalence of fine weather, morning and evening, it will be seen by the subjoined table that the attendance at the meeting in 1867 was considerably in excess of that of the meeting just terminated:—

CATHEDRAL.				
	1867.	1870.		
Tuesday morning	657	845
Wednesday morning	1,564	1,256
Thursday morning	815	888
Friday morning...	2,300	1,672
Tuesday evening	—	923
SHIRE HALL.				
Wednesday	733	383
Thursday	733	711
	6,802	6,678		

And this without taking into account the miscellaneous concert at the Shire Hall on the Tuesday of the Festival in 1867, which would increase the excess in its favour by some hundreds, but which, for reasons not immediately evident, is passed over in the above statement. The collections for the charity at the doors of the Cathedral were as below:—

Tuesday, 23rd ...	{ Morning	£29 19 11
	{ Afternoon	89 3 2
	{ Evening	27 6 0
Wednesday, 24th	{ Morning	3 16 0
	{ Afternoon	147 14 4
Thursday, 25th...	{ Morning	3 15 5
	{ Afternoon	92 3 9
Friday, 26th.....	{ Morning	4 4 11
	{ Afternoon	390 4 3
Total	£788 7 9

To the foregoing have yet to be added the usual contributions from Worcester and Gloucester, together with other independent donations, which seldom fail to come in at the eleventh hour, and which, it is to be hoped, may be forthcoming on the present occasion, as otherwise

the Fund for the Widows and Orphans will hardly be benefited to the extent that might reasonably be anticipated under the circumstances. In conclusion, it is only fair to say that everything which could possibly be done on behalf of the Festival in his department has been done, and thoroughly done, by Mr. Townshend Smith for the meeting just over; but that Mr. Smith has hardly met with the full encouragement and support from certain influential quarters he had a just right to expect.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

BIRMINGHAM, Aug. 30.

This greatest of Provincial Festivals was "inaugurated" to-day in the Town Hall with a very remarkable performance of *Elijah*. What *Elijah* has been to Birmingham, and what the Birmingham people think of *Elijah*, need not be insisted upon again. Enough that the glory shed over the Festival of 1846, for which the sacred masterpiece of Mendelssohn was expressly written, and at which, in the Town Hall, on the morning of August 26, under the composer's own direction, it was first performed, is still vividly remembered. Since that time *Elijah* has been produced at each successive triennial meeting—a proof, if any were required, of the ever-increasing estimation in which it is held. Mendelssohn only lived to conduct his great work at one Festival. From the Festival of 1849 to that of 1867 its performance has been directed by Sir Michael Costa, who, when Mr. Costa, in the first-named year, was appointed to the honourable post he has ever since held with such admirable ability and zeal, and who now directed it for the eighth time in Birmingham. These eight performances may not, perhaps, have been in all respects of equal merit; but the least perfect of them was far superior to any that, under no matter what circumstances, could be heard elsewhere; while the best were altogether beyond reproach. On the whole the performance of to-day was one of the most complete and satisfactory we remember, and if not generally quite up to the level of that never-to-be-forgotten triumph of 1855, at least, so far as chorus and orchestra were concerned, came as near to it as possible. Sir Michael Costa was in his happiest mood; the time of every piece, from beginning to end, was precisely what it ought to be, and scarcely a necessary example of that "light and shade," the nice observance of which adds to the charm of even the most imposing music, was overlooked. The overture, which gives illustrative expression to the feelings of the people under the terrible curse of drought, prophetically announced by *Elijah*, was played with extraordinary fire, and led into the first chorus, "Help, Lord!" in which the afflicted multitude supplicates for mercy, with grand effect. The chorus itself has never been more finely sung, nor the impressive climax more impressively attained. Equally deserving notice was the next great chorus, "Yet doth the Lord see it not;" with its solemn chorale, "For He, the Lord our God," harmonized in Mendelssohn's most individual manner, and its noble aspiring peroration, "His mercies on thousands fall." In a very different style, the melodious "Blessed are the men that fear Him," which demands as much sentiment and delicacy from the singers as the others require vigorous force and emphasis, was just as fortunate in the result; and hearty acknowledgment is due to the orchestra for the manner in which the rich and elaborate accompaniments were played; nothing, indeed, could have been better. The superb scene, when at the instigation of *Elijah*, the idolatrous priests sacrifice to Baal, and, in presence of "the whole of Israel," at Mount Carmel, call upon him thrice successively and in vain, to heed and consume their offering, *Elijah* mocking them the while, with words of scornful irony, merited unqualified praise. Each of the three choruses, "Baal, we cry to thee," "Hear our cry, O Baal," and "Hear and answer, Baal," was singularly well delivered—the second part of the first ("Here mighty God!") where the many-voiced unison of the singers is contrasted with an orchestral accompaniment in itself a marvel of contrivance, perhaps best of all. The culminating point of this scene, when, after *Elijah*'s invocation to the true God, "the fire descends from heaven," and to the abashment of the prophets who feast at Jezebel's table, consumes the offering, was worthy the rest. But all that has been described must yield to the last scene of Part I., when, at the intercession of the thirsty and famished multitude, *Elijah* sends out a youth towards the sea, to look for any signs there may be of rain—once, twice, thrice to no purpose, till, at length, the immovable faith of the prophet in God's mercifulness meets with its reward in the opening of the heavens and the flooding of the land. This, from first to last, was admirably done—the chorus, "Thanks be to God, He laveth the thirsty land," which in its magnificent climax, most admirably of all. Here, indeed, was a theme to inspire a composer, more especially a composer so sensitive, and, at the same time so imaginative, as Mendelssohn—a composer gifted to invent the heartfelt melody to which the people pray ("Open the Heavens and send us

relief"), the wonderfully suggestive recitative, where the various instruments come in, one after the other, as the storm approaches nearer and nearer, with an effect so picturesque and at the same time, so thoroughly appropriate; and last, not least, the final choruses already named which, astonishing throughout, contains a passage of modulation, beginning upon the words, "But the Lord is above them and Almighty," in sublime grandeur and, let it be added, intense earnestness, never surpassed if ever equalled. And after this, to wind up the whole with a peroration waxing in power as it progresses, and leading step by step to a climax of almost unparalleled magnificence, betokened in him who was able to accomplish it a genius second to none. It is alone worthy a journey, from no matter how great a distance, to hear "Thanks be to God" at a Birmingham Festival. There is, in fact, nothing that we know of to compare with it.

The choruses in the second part of *Elijah* are not a whit less interesting than those in the first, though, of course, no chance was afforded the composer for precisely such another as "Thanks be to God." Only but for it, "Be not afraid," with its jubilant opening strains, and its well-contrasted minor episode, "Though thousands languish and fall beside thee," might contend with any modern chorus and bear away the palm; while "Woe to him, he shall perish"—fitting period to the wonderfully dramatic scene in which Jezebel urges on the already exasperated multitude to destroy Elijah—would, as, of its order, it does, in fact, stand quite alone. In tranquil beauty and exquisite tunefulness "He watching over Israel," peroration to the unaccompanied trio of angels, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," may pair off with "Blessed are the men" (Part I.), and worthy to consort with either or both is "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved"—one of the chastest and most consummate examples of vocal part-writing in existence. Of "Behold! God the Lord passed by," with the mighty wind, the earthquake, the fire, and the "still small voice," in which last "Onward came the Lord," a poem of itself, with beginning, middle, and end, not one word need be added to what has been said over and over again—that it is one of the most striking, picturesque, and original among the choruses from the same pen to which those epithets most characteristically apply. The glorious "Sanctus" ("Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord—the Lord of Sabaoth"), in which simplicity reaches, without apparent effort, the sublime, and the splendid choral description of Elijah's departure in a fiery chariot with fiery horses ("Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire"), complete the noble series of choruses which belong to the oratorio in its genuine character of a sacred biblical drama; all that follows, up to the concluding chorus, "And then shall your light break forth, though comparatively of equal value, is reflective and didactic. Many think that *Elijah* should have ended with the translation of the Prophet, just as many think the *Messiah* should end with the "Hallelujah;" but it is more than probable that Mendelssohn, like his illustrious predecessor, knew very well what he intended, and composed the last few pieces, solo and choral (including, by the way, the beautiful tenor air, "Then shall the righteous shine forth"), simply because he thought his oratorio would not be complete without them.

What has been said about the execution of the choruses in Part I. may with as strict justice apply to Part II. The Birmingham Festival singers—not for the first time when engaged on the same task of love, for when they are dealing with *Elijah* it is nothing less—covered themselves with glory; and those who are in the habit of listening frequently to choral performances of the same kind in London and near about London are likely to be the very foremost in recognizing this not to be disputed fact. With regard to the solo singers it will suffice to enumerate them by name. The chief soprano in Part I. was Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, in Part II. it was Mdle. Tietjens; the chief contralto in Part I. was Madame Patey-Whytock; in Part II. Mdle. Drasil; the chief tenor in Part I. was Mr. Vernon Rigby; in Part II. Mr. Sims Reeves; to Mr. Santley the whole of *Elijah's* music was, as on previous occasions, allotted. On the whole, the contralto music excepted, the second part of the oratorio must be allowed to have had considerably the best of it. What particular pieces were undertaken by each of those well-known artists, and in what manner they were respectively sung, may be easily guessed. Criticism is happily not called for. In paying a just tribute to the choral performance of *Elijah* we have merely accorded prominence to that feature of the Birmingham Festival which, while the Birmingham Festival endures, must ever invest it with a peculiar interest—an interest, indeed, apart. *Elijah* was composed for Birmingham; and Birmingham, justly proud of it, can in no way more honourably give expression to its pride than through the medium of performances of which the one of to-day may fairly be accepted as an example. The great singers, native and foreign, from London and elsewhere, doubtless contribute no little to the general effect; but on this particular occasion, which occurs but once in three years, and has only occurred nine times in 21 years, they may be reasonably counted as lookers on, not

less edified by the display of local enthusiasm (and local efficiency) than any among the audience.

Previous to the oratorio the National Anthem was sung by the chorus, in a style at once effective and impressive.

As the programme of the Festival week has already been described, it is unnecessary to refer to it again here. It will suffice to say that on no previous occasion have the Festival Committee shown a more urgent desire to sustain the reputation of Birmingham, whether for the efficient execution of acknowledged masterpieces, or for the production of novelties of interest. At the first miscellaneous concert to-night a new cantata, called *Paradise and the Peri*, by Mr. John Francis Barnett, whose *Ancient Mariner* was so successful at the Festival of 1867, occupies the whole of Part I. The oratorio for to-morrow is Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman*.

The official statement subjoined shows that the audience to-day was larger and the consequent pecuniary results more considerable, and has been known for many Festivals on a first day:—

MORNING.—"ELIJAH."

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-President's seats (21s. each)	422 ...	£443 2 0
Secured seats (21s. each) ...	1,505 ...	1,580 5 0
Unsecured seats (10s. 6d. each) ...	300 ...	157 10 0
Donations and collections ...	— ...	823 0 3
	2,227	£3,003 17 3

This looks well for the excellent charities in aid of the funds of which the surplus receipts over expenditure is invariably bestowed.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 31.

The first of the advertised novelties was produced at the Miscellaneous Concert yesterday evening, when the Town Hall was again crowded in every part. The day, indeed, was one of the most brilliantly successful in the records of the Birmingham music meetings, more than £4,500 having been taken for the two performances. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the General Hospital, one of the most valuable institutions of its kind in the country, that the Festival may progress as it has begun.

The new cantata of Mr. John Francis Barnett occupied the entire first part of the programme. The clever young musician has treated Moore's *Paradise and the Peri* much in the same style as he has treated Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, which met with so highly favourable a reception at the meeting of 1867. His music is light, fluent, and pretty throughout, often graceful, not seldom ingenious after its manner, and, above all, unpretending. The melodies are, with rare exceptions, short and *ad captandum*, easy for the singers to sing and as easy for the hearers to catch as they are sung. The vocal part-writing is studiously plain and simple, with few attempts (if any, in fact) at what is understood by musicians as "strict counterpoint." This is especially noticeable in the choruses, which have all a certain character of their own, are all more or less effective, and all run on as smoothly and without impediment as though the singers were extemporizing them on the spot with the facility of practised improvisors—as fair examples of plain-sailing vocal harmony as could readily be cited. It is this straightforward easy-going which forms a prominent characteristic of Mr. Barnett's music, and will always make it popular among singers who like entertaining themselves and their friends at a comparatively small expenditure of pains. The young composer, doubtless, writes advisedly after this fashion; and as he seldom fails to hit the contemplated mark, his claim to be regarded as one thoroughly master of his means, admits of no question. If Mr. Barnett, judging him by such works of his as are known, does not think very deeply, he, at any rate, thinks with healthy independence, for himself—which can hardly be said of some composers, who, aiming much higher, yet, like the Irish candidate at the election, "notwithstanding all they have promised, perform still less." That we find occasional unconscious reminiscences of other composers is true; but what is more immediately referred to is Mr. Barnett's general style and method of composing. In his handling of the orchestra Mr. Barnett, as has been more than once remarked, exhibits both a knowledge of the capacities of the various instruments and considerable facility in putting his experience to the test. Though not remarkable for great variety of colour, his instrumentation is always satisfactory to the ear, always "safe," it may be said, no haphazard experiments at any time imperilling its easy, natural course.

A detailed analysis of *Paradise and the Peri*, piece by piece—and in all there are no less than four-and-twenty numbers—would take up a much larger amount of space than can be devoted to the subject. Nor, happily, is it on any account imperatively called for. About the comparative merits of *Paradise and the Peri* and the *Ancient Mariner*, its predecessor, opinions seem to differ, some preferring one, some the

other. Nevertheless, that Mr. Barnett has illustrated the fanciful poem of Moore with a success greater and more genuine than that which he was able to achieve when engaged upon the wild and imaginative metrical romance of Coleridge may, probably, in the end, be unanimously admitted. Robert Schumann, on the contrary, who also set *Paradise and the Peri* in the same form of cantata—or as he termed it, “secular oratorio”—would have been far more at home with the *Ancient Mariner*, to which his morbid temperament was peculiarly congenial. There are not a few by the way, who will be tolerably sure to maintain that the mere fact of Schumann’s having already used the poem should have deterred our English composer from laying hold of it for similar purposes; but then the same objection would hold with reference to Professor Sterndale Bennett, whose “programme-overture” on the same theme is one of the most finished and beautiful of modern orchestral pieces. Mr. Barnett, however, may answer, with just pride, that there is nothing whatever in his *Paradise and the Peri* which owes its origin to one or to the other—to Schumann or to Bennett. He might also summon precedent in his defence. When Rossini composed the *Barbiere di Siviglia* the Italian libretto founded upon Beaumarchais had already been wedded to music by the famous Paesello, whose *Barbiere* at the time was a recognized masterpiece; and this is by no means a solitary instance to the point.

If Mr. Barnett was not content with the performance of his new work, by orchestra, chorus, and “principals,” and the manner in which it was received by an audience considerably more than 2,000 in number, he must be difficult to please. His solo singers were Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Signor Foli, who all did their very best, and whose zealous endeavours were rewarded with proportionate success. The applause was frequent and hearty. Three pieces were encored and repeated, a tenor air, “Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere” (Mr. Vernon Rigby), a bass air, “Blest tears of soul-felt penitence” (Signor Foli), and an unaccompanied quartet, “She wept; the air grew pure” (by the four singers above named); while several others—among the rest an air for contralto, “Nymph of a fair but erring line” (Madame Patey), and a soprano air, “Joy, joy, for ever!” (Mdle. Tietjens), with chorus, which brings the cantata to a termination, excited the liveliest impression. At the end the applause, in which the members of the band and chorus joined the audience, was loud and prolonged, and Mr. Barnett (who had himself directed the performance), after retiring from the platform, was unanimously called back to receive fresh tokens of general approbation.

The second part of the concert, which began with the overture to *Der Freischütz* and ended with the overture to *Zampa*, included Mendelssohn’s pianoforte concerto No. 1, played by Madame Arabella Goddard, and a selection of vocal pieces, contributed by Mdle. Ina di Murska, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Mdle. Drasdil, Signor Foli, Messrs. Cummings and Sims Reeves. The vocal selection, gathered from Mozart, Bishop, Donizetti, Costa, Ambroise Thomas, Sullivan, Benedict, Randegger, and Lemmens, though evidently to the taste of the audience, calls for no especial remark. It was nearly midnight before the concert ended.

How thoroughly successful it was may be gathered from the official statement of attendance and receipts.

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-President’s seats (15s. each) ..	91 ...	£68 5 0
Secured seats (15s. each)	1,754 ...	1,315 10 0
Unsecured seats (8s. each)	357 ...	142 16 0
	2,202	£1,526 11 0

About the remarkably fine execution to-day of Sir Michael Costa’s second and best oratorio, *Naaman*, and the cordial enthusiasm which greeted the renowned conductor both before and after the performance, we must speak to-morrow. At present it is enough to add that the solo parts were allotted to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Edith Wynne (sopranos), Madame Patey and Mdle. Drasdil (contraltos), Messrs. Cummings and Sims Reeves (tenors), and Mr. Santley (bass)—all of whom showed their sympathy and esteem for the renowned conductor by striving their utmost to give the best possible effect to the music. How their efforts were seconded and supported by the orchestra and chorus, with whom Sir Michael Costa is so justly popular, may readily be imagined.

Subjoined is the official return of to-day’s attendance and receipts:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents’ seats (21s. each) ..	138 ...	£144 18 0
Secured seats (21s. each)	468 ...	491 8 0
Unsecured seats (10s. 6d. each)	263 ...	138 1 6
Donations and collections	143 18 3
	869	£918 5 9

Two novelties will be produced at the second miscellaneous concert to-night—an *Ode to Shakspeare*, set to music by Professor R. P. Stewart, of Dublin, and an overture, entitled *Ouverture di Ballo*, by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan. The second part of the concert is entirely devoted to music, vocal and instrumental, by Beethoven. The oratorio for to-morrow is the *Messiah*; that for Friday is to be Mr. Benedict’s *St. Peter*, the first production of which is looked forward to as the crowning event of the present Festival, for which it was expressly composed.

Among the audience to-day were observed:—The President, the Earl of Bradford; the Mayor of Birmingham and party; Lady Every, Lord Edward Clinton, Lady Grey de Wilton, Lady Ward and party; the Marchioness of Bristol, Sir R. N. C. Hamilton and party; Sir C. B. Adderley, M.P., the Misses Adderley, the Hon. and Rev. J. O. Bridgman, Mr. A. W. Peel, M.P., and party; Colonel Leslie, Major Willington, Captain Hartopp, Miss Theodosia Hincks and party; the Rev. F. Gooch, Mr. C. F. C. Colmore and party; Mr. C. M. Caldicott and party; Mr. W. C. Alston and party; Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring, Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Robert Heath, and party; Mrs. Gammell and party.

We have been requested to state that the name of the Countess of Bradford was inadvertently included in the list of those present at the Festival on Tuesday. Her ladyship is not at present attending public festivities.

THURSDAY, Sept. 1.

That the execution of *Naaman* yesterday should not in all respects have been equal to that of 1864, when the oratorio was first presented at Birmingham, is easy to understand. Enthusiasm counts for much in the first public production of a new and elaborate work, especially when that work is from the pen of one so popular, and deservedly popular, as Sir Michael Costa. Moreover, an interval of six years is enough, in a measure, to efface from the memory what at one time may have laid fast hold upon it. This, it should be stated, has reference only to the members of the chorus, who were exclusively answerable for the very few points open to question yesterday, the orchestra, rare exceptions allowed for, being all that was desirable, while the principal singers might fairly have challenged reproach. The performance generally, indeed, was so fine, that to animadvert upon such slight discrepancies as characterized it here and there would be simply hypercritical. On this occasion the President departed from the rule he had laid down for himself on the day previous, when the oratorio was *Elijah*. The melodious and bustling trio, “Haste to Samaria, let us go,” for Adah, Timna, and Naaman (Miss Edith Wynne, Mdle. Drasdil, and Mr. Sims Reeves), in Part I., the charmingly impressive chorus, “God, who cannot be unjust,” and the spirited and already famous quartet, “Honour and glory,” for Adah, Timna, Naaman, and Elisha (Miss E. Wynne, Mdle. Drasdil, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley), were all three asked for again by Lord Bradford. In the first and second instances his Lordship’s signal, from the Patron’s Gallery, met with due recognition, which was not the case, however, with the third, immediately after which Mr. Sims Reeves, under the circumstances, discreetly went on with the recitative, “O, man of God.” Had the audience been also permitted to exercise their judgment, a repetition of various other pieces would, doubtless, have been suggested. Among these, if we are not mistaken, would have been, “The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked,” a chorus built upon a theme as tuneful as any in the oratorio; the trio, “The grass doth wither and the flowers decay” (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. Cummings and Santley); Adah’s air, “They shall be turned back” (Miss Edith Wynne); Elisha’s air, “Lament not thus” (Mr. Santley); and lastly, the dream of the child, so soothing in its tranquil beauty, “I dreamt I was in Heaven” (Madame Patey)—all gems, and all given in rare perfection. Mr. Santley, whose task in *Naaman* is one of no ordinary responsibility, has never sung the music of Elisha with greater power of voice or more admirable earnestness of expression; while in the tenor air descriptive of the battle (“Invoking death”) Mr. Sims Reeves was more than ever impressive, delivering the slow movement at the end, “Yet though success hath crowned the strife,” when Naaman, in the midst of victory, bewails the slain, and calls upon death to relieve him, with a depth of pathos not to be surpassed. Finer singing than this, combined as it was with fervid dramatic expression, has seldom been heard. Sir Michael Costa could scarcely have been otherwise than content with such an interpretation of the most striking passages in his work. One thing is certain—*Naaman* wears well, and is likely to endure. It belongs to a class of oratorio which can show legitimate claims to popularity; and it is at the same time one of the best of its class.

That the second miscellaneous concert, last night, was again a financial success, may be gathered from the subjoined official statement:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (15s. each)	56 ...	£42 0 0
Secured seats (15s. each)	717 ...	537 15 0
Unsecured seats (8s. each)	458 ...	183 4 0
Total	1,231	£762 19 0

The programme was varied, interesting, and, of course, long. The first part both began with a novelty and ended with a novelty. The first novelty was an *Ode to Shakspeare*, written by Mr. Henry Toole, and set to music by Professor R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., the reigning king of Irish musicians, and one thoroughly well practised in his art. An ode to the "Bard of Avon" was, one might have thought, scarcely more needed in the present day than a fresh ode to Mæcenas; but Mr. Toole was evidently of another mind, and *Hinc illa lachrymæ*—hence these strophes and antistrophes. That Mr. Toole, while apostrophizing Shakspeare, could find nothing very new to say, is not to be wondered at. Here, however, is an example of his way of looking at the subject:—

"His was the song:—'Ah more than earth divine!'
A god-like spell is wrought by every line.
Great Nature spread her treasures to his view,
And Knowledge tended as each scene he drew.
The locked-up secrets of man's wily heart
He opened with the magic key of art;
Showed him in naked majesty sublime,
Upheld by virtue or debased by crime."

Ex uno disce omnes. Mr. Toole writes in this strain throughout. The music of Dr. Stewart is easier to grasp at once. It comprises seven pieces—an orchestral prelude, leading into a quartet with chorus ("Twine a wreath of deathless song"); a tenor solo, set to the words above quoted; a chorus ("Mirth and Music"); a soprano solo ("Sovereign King, I hail thee now"); a chorus which may be considered its pendant ("Hail, hail, hail! Master-spirit, hail!"); and lastly, a soprano solo, with chorus ("Glory of the sky-born quire"). These are its divisions. Though not remarkable for originality of invention, or even for sustained equality of style—Handel and Mendelssohn each apparently possessing a certain charm for Professor Stewart—there is merit, more or less, in every one of the pieces enumerated. They are all written with fluency, all well voiced, and all effectively scored for the orchestra—beyond which there is little or nothing to say of them. The performance of the "Ode," directed by the composer himself, was exceedingly good. The orchestra and chorus took commendable pains, and the leading singers—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasil, Mr. Vernon Rigby (who created a strong impression by his vigorous delivery of that part of the tenor solo commencing with the words, "Great Nature spread her treasures," &c.), and Signor Foli—left nothing to wish. The "Ode" was liberally applauded. The other novelty, a new overture in E flat major—*Overture di Ballo*—by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, was thoroughly successful, and well merited success. As the title implies, it is an overture built upon themes in dance rhythm. The first part is modelled on what both French and German (witness Schubert) style the *danse noble*; this leads to a lengthened movement in waltz-measure, and the whole ends with a peroration after the fashion of a galop. The plan looks simple enough, but Mr. Sullivan, in finding suitable and effective themes, has also known how to mould them into such shape as warrants the title of "overture" being applied to his work. Thus, the second movement, in waltz-measure, is developed in legitimate form, with subject, counter-subject, and episode, each a striking melody and easily followed through the progress of development. Slight in structure as it may seem, the *Overture di Ballo* will add to its composer's reputation. The instrumentation for the orchestra is bright, ingenious, and full of fancy. Nothing could be more spirited than the performance, directed by the composer himself, and nothing heartier or more unanimous than the applause which ensued and was kept on until Mr. Sullivan was compelled to return to the platform and bow.

The Ode and the Overture were separated by some vocal pieces, comprising a duet from *Don Pasquale* (Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. V. Rigby, a duet from *La Gazza Ladra* (Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Patey), and the brilliant *cavatina*, "O luce di quest'anima," brilliantly executed by Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, who is winning as many admirers in Birmingham as she is accustomed to win wherever she happens to sing. The rest of the concert was devoted to a selection from the works of Beethoven, in honour of the centenary of the birth of the greatest of all musicians. The programme is subjoined:—

Overture (Egmont)...	Beethoven.
Quartet, "Il cor, e la mia fe" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Recit. and air, "Ah! perfido"	Beethoven.
Concerto, Pianoforte—in E flat	Beethoven.
Scena, "Qual furor" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.

Trio, "Fin grata al ciel" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Song, "Adelaide" (with pianoforte accompaniment)	Beethoven.
Trio, "Tremate, empi, tremate"	Beethoven.
Air, "In questa tomba oscura"	Beethoven.
Finale (Fidelio)	Beethoven.

A better selection could not well have been made; and credit is due to Sir Michael Costa, who made it, and under whose vigorous direction the splendid overture to *Egmont* was so splendidly executed by the orchestra that the whole audience insisted upon having it repeated. There was no declining in this instance, and repeated it was. The melodious quartet, in canon, from *Fidelio*, was sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, as might have been expected from such artists. In this divine piece the rugged and uncompromising Beethoven appears guileless and innocent as a child. About the pianoforte concerto the *Birmingham Daily Post* of this morning says:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of Beethoven's fifth pianoforte concerto in E flat—the 'Emperor'—was the instrumental feature of this concert, as her playing of Mendelssohn's Munich concerto had been of Tuesday's concert. The interest it awakened was even greater than that evinced in the previous evening's selection, many of the audiences rising in their places, the better to view the fair pianist and witness the extraordinary mechanical dexterity which supplements and subserves her highly cultivated musical faculty. A finer performance of this noble work we may safely say has not been heard in Birmingham. Alike in the opening *allegro*, with its splendid octave passages for the pianoforte, and its captivating phrases for the accompanying wind instruments in the sublime *adagio un poco mosso*, in the accompaniment to which the bow instruments find such effective employment, and the concluding *rondo*, with its delicious melody and ingenious cadenzas, Madame Goddard displayed the most perfect mastery of her subject, as well in its spiritual as in its mechanical aspects. We need scarcely add that she was enthusiastically applauded on the conclusion of her task, which, in a merely physical sense, was no light one, as every musician is aware."

The manner in which the elaborate accompaniments to this concerto were played by the orchestra was worthy all praise. How Mdlle. Tietjens declaims and sings Leonora's great scene in the first act of *Fidelio* need not be described; enough that she threw her whole soul into it. The trio from the second act of the same opera was assigned to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli; the earlier trio, composed in 1801, before Beethoven became the Beethoven we know, and interesting on that account as well as on account of its own merit—to the same accomplished lady, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley. Mdlle. Drasil undertook the well-known contralto air, which, according to Carpani, was the last of sixty-three settings of the same words, published together in a volume (1808). In the magnificent *finale* to *Fidelio*, a fitting effective climax to the Beethoven selection, the solos were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Signor Foli, Messrs. Rigby, Cummings, Smythson, and Santley. *Finis coronat opus* might appropriately apply to this.

To-day the *Messiah* exercised its customary attraction; and on this occasion there were no unreserved seats. The subjoined official statement will show the result:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (21s. each)	383 ...	£402 3 0
Secured seats (21s. each)	1,942 ...	2,039 2 0
Donations and collections	460 1 5
	2,325	£2,901 6 5

Of the performance of the "sacred oratorio," *par excellence*, it would be wholly superfluous to speak in detail. That with such a chorus, such an orchestra, such solo singers, and such a conductor, a work so universally familiar and so universally loved would be given with all practicable excellence might have been taken for granted. The solo music was thus distributed:—*Soprano*, in first and second parts, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; in part three, Madame Tietjens; *contralto*, in first part, Madame Drasil; in parts two and three, Madame Patey; *tenor*, in parts one and three, Mr. Cummings; in part two (the "Passion") Mr. Sims Reeves; *bass*, in parts one and two, Signor Foli; in part three, Mr. Santley (accompanied, as usual, by Mr. T. Harper in "The trumpet shall sound"). How the choruses were sung—and especially "For unto us a child is born," "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb" (to single out the noblest of them all)—need not be said.

The prominent feature of the third and last miscellaneous concert to-night is to be Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's new cantata, entitled *Nala and Damayanti*, composed expressly for this meeting. Dr. Hiller, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, and, as musical readers are aware, himself one of the most eminent of living masters, is to conduct the per-

formance himself. To-morrow Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* in the morning, and Handel's *Samson* in the evening, will bring this almost unprecedented Festival to an end.

Among those who attended the performance of the *Messiah* to-day were observed:—

President, the Earl of Bradford and the Ladies Mabel and Florence Bridgeman, the Hon. and Rev. J. O. Bridgeman, Lady Grey de Wilton, the Mayor, of Birmingham and party, the High Sheriff of Warwickshire, Mrs. Dilke and Miss Dixie, the High Sheriff of Staffordshire and party, the High Sheriff of Worcestershire and party, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord and Lady Lyttelton, Lord Leigh, and party, the Earl and Countess Beauchamp, Lord Hatherton, Lord Delamere, Lord and Lady Edward Clinton, Lord and Lady Wrottesley, and party, the Marchioness of Bristol, Lady Sandys and party, Lady Ward, Mrs. Elliott and party, Dowager Lady Cave and party, Lady Amherst, Lord Elliott, the Bishop of Rochester, Mrs. Claughton and party, Sir J. S. Pakington, M. P., and party, Sir C. B. Adderley, M. P., and Lady Adderley, Sir T. W. Biddulph, Sir Rainald Knightly, M. P., and Lady Knightly, Sir R. W. C. Brownrigg, Sir R. N. C. Hamilton, K. C. B., and party, Sir F. E. Winnington, Dowager Lady Mordaunt and party, Lord Raglan and party, Sir H. and Lady Lambert, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Gage, the Hon. Mrs. Gregory, Lady Manners, the Hon. Parker Jervis and party, Mr. C. N. Newdegate, M. P., and Miss Bouchette and party, Mr. C. Forster, Mr. J. Hardy, M. P., Mr. J. R. McLean M. P., and party, Mr. C. H. Wise, M. P., and party, Mrs. Alston and party, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Boothby, Mr. J. Dugdale and party, Miss Theodosina Hinckes and party, Mr. Robert Heath, Mrs. Heath and party; Mrs. J. Keke-wich, the Rev. G. Inge, the Misses Whately and party, &c.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COMPOSER AND THE WRITER OF THE SONG "DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."*

Wilhelm, born on the 5th September, 1815, at Schmalkaden, in Thuringia, received his first musical instruction from his father, who was an organist. He continued his studies in the years 1834-36 at Cassel, under Herren Baldewein and Bott, *Musikdirectoren*, and also under the celebrated old master, L. Spohr, whose amiable readiness to assist him exercised a great influence on the progress of the industrious youth. His further studies he pursued under that admirable master of pianoforte playing, Aloys Schmidt, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and studied counterpoint under Herr A. André, at Offenbach. In 1841, he settled at Crefeld, and began as a music master. His musical value was appreciated in educated circles there, and he was soon elected director of the Singacademie for mixed chorus, as well as of the Liedertafel. The latter raised itself so much under his direction, that it equalled the best associations for male singing in Germany. During his twenty-four years' residence at Crefeld, Wilhelm composed about one hundred of his most celebrated pieces for piano; one voice; and mixed chorus; and, more especially, a chorus of male voices. We will here mention only "Frühlingszeit," "Waldlust," "Auf der Wacht," "Mädchen, wenn ich von Dir ziehe," &c. But he was most inspired as a composer by patriotic words. Thus, in the year 1854, the "Wacht am Rhein" sprang into life. In 1865, on the occasion of the Singers' Festival at Dresden, Müller von der Werre said, somewhere in his writings, that this grand patriotic effusion had not only made the round of land and sea, but was regularly established as a national song. The German nation has, in 1870, confirmed the assertion. In consequence of long and frequent illness, Wilhelm was compelled, to the great regret of his many friends, when he was only about fifty-five, to retire from the direction of the vocal association—though the step cost him a great effort. In 1865, he was induced by still more severe sickness, and a yearning for his native hills, to give up his long disinterested efforts for the Liedertafel, and return to Schmalkalden, where he at present resides. Unfortunately, the feeling of oppression caused by the death of his mother, an old lady of eighty-three, which occurred three years since, and by the newly awakened longing to revisit Crefeld, for so many years his second home, has permitted him but too rarely to indulge in fresh musical creations. He produced, however, in 1868, a magnificent chorus for male voices—"Wache auf, Deutschland" (words by Emil Ritterhaus), with the burden, "Kein Fuss weit von dem Deutschen Lande soll je Französisch werden" (Not a foot's breadth of German soil shall ever become French"). It is no doubt included in a collection of twelve patriotic songs for chorus of male voices, of which an edition of ten thousand copies, under the title "1870," is published by M. Schloss, Cologne, for the benefit of the wounded soldiers, and of the relatives of those who have fallen.—At present, it has been established by documentary evidence that it was Max Schneckenburger who wrote the words of "Die Wacht am Rhein." His widow, who lives at Thalheim, near Tuttlingen, Wurtemberg, possesses a letter from Schneckenburger, to whom she was then engaged, in which he enclosed her the words of the song, written at

the request of some friends. Max Schneckenburger was born on the 17th February, 1819, at Thalheim, where his father was a tradesman. As far back as his fifteenth year, he exhibited his turn for poetry by writing poems, which he had printed, a step that, according to the *Schwebischer Mercur*, he afterwards regretted often enough. He was a well-educated and very well-read man, and made a select collection of books, which are still in the possession of his widow. He died, when thirty, in 1849, at Burgdorf, near Berne, where he was established in business, and where he founded some ironworks. His eldest son is a rifleman in the Wurtemberg division of the German army.

MARSTON ON TRAGIC ART.

In a paragraph previously published concerning the lecture on Tragic Art delivered by Dr. Westland Marston before the Society of Arts, we promised our readers some account of the views of the lecturer. This promise we are, fortunately, in a position to fulfil. We do not hesitate, accordingly, to give from the notes before us a statement of the opinions expressed. These cannot but have profound interest for our readers. The eminence of the lecturer—almost, if not quite, the solitary advocate and producer of the highest order of dramatic composition—leads to the lecture highest value, while grace of style and fervour of diction enhance it with all possible beauty. Dr. Marston commenced with an assertion which he thought would not be denied—that at no previous period of England has so much apathy, or even distaste, as we now witness prevailed towards a form of art once supposed to tax the highest powers of genius, and be the medium of the purest and most refined pleasures. At present pleasure and any kind of spiritual emotion appear to be incompatible terms. Those scenes of physical distress, those crises of bodily peril artificially contrived, and hair-breadth escapes miraculously provided, so far from being akin to tragedy, which paints the conflict and the passions of the soul, are absolutely opposed to it. When in a play an actor swings from a tree into a chasm to save a young lady from peril, the piece runs for months, and it may be years. Against this success Dr. Marston opposed the fate of *The Man of Airie*, in his opinion one of the finest plays of modern times, supremely acted by Mr. Vezin. This piece, rich as it was in beauty, story, and action, was withdrawn ere the lecturer had opportunity of paying it a second visit.

One cause of the decline of interest in tragedy Dr. Marston found in the taste for realism;—the love for the photographic reproduction of the manners and appearances of human life at the expense of its essentials. A second he traced to the level and characterless manners of modern civilization, the monotonous and inexpressive tone of society. Admiration of fortitude has by a natural but regrettable process developed until the government of emotion which is a virtue, has degenerated into the suppression of emotion, which is an evil. Hardness, reticence, and indifference, such as are shown in manners act gradually upon the mind and heart, and the canon once accepted it is bad taste to display feeling, the result is not surprising that it is thought bad taste to feel. "Thus," continued the lecturer, "enthusiasm, imagination, faith in the ideals of beauty and goodness—the all, in a word, on which the poetry of art mainly subsists, fail to be appreciated; for men soon cease to believe in what they seldom experience, and the range of mental perception grows narrow with the narrowness of sympathy. If, by a process common in society, the practices of the higher classes are imitated by those beneath them, it may come to be generally considered our chief distinction to be free from everything that is elevating and our crowning proof of superiority that we have suppressed every quality that could make us superior."

That tragic art may be real, may be occupied with details of every-day life, Dr. Marston will concede, but he asserts that it is not the main business of tragic art that it should be real. All art, no doubt, takes notice in some measure of external things, but it is not bounded by them. It uses them as exponents; it does not acknowledge them as limitations. These views were illustrated by a reference to Macbeth. In real life Macbeth would not have had the imaginative faculty to express his terror and remorse in the language which Shakspeare has given him, and such power as he possessed would probably have failed him while under the influence of the passions by which he was swayed. Even though he saw the air-drawn dagger, its presence would most likely, in real life, be indicated by some brief ejaculation, or, more probably still, a shudder or a convulsive motion of the hand, to shut out the vision would be the only sign of his beholding it. A lover in real life, moreover, looking on the body, apparently dead, of his mistress, may feel the grief of Romeo, but will find his sorrow probably stifle his utterance, and will not vent his grief in phrases of imaginative beauty. Shall we, then, the lecturer asks, say that the poet has failed in truth because he has endowed his characters with power of utterance which in actual life they could never have possessed? Shall we not rather say that by doing this he has shown his best title to our admiration? For it should be observed, that it is the imperfection, not the fullness, of our faculties which prevents the adequate and noble expression of our feelings in real life. Whether the hindrances to such expression arise from the want of imaginative power in most men or from the suspension of that power in the crisis of passion, the hindrances are in either case proofs of a want of inability. It is this want which the poet supplies, this inability which he overcomes. He makes men speak as they would if they

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

has his own capacities. He draws the lightning from the charged cloud and shows us the fire with which the darkness is pregnant. He is the true Orpheus who appeals to the dumb petrifications of grief, and makes them living and vocal. And he compensates us a thousand times for overpassing the reality of visible life by disclosing to us the life which is invisible—the reality of the soul. It would not, Dr. Marston continues, be rash to affirm that wherever tragedy in its noblest form exists, it sounds not only the depths of our nature, but discloses directly or indirectly, its connection with the supernatural and touches it with the mystery of a life yet higher than its own. In the classical drama, where the gods are the direct dispensers of fate, this is, of course, conspicuous. In the sufferings of Prometheus or Orestes we have brought before us the enigma of our brief life—the self-sacrifice of Virtue and Genius, the futility of human wisdom, the moral deceptions even of conscience, and through the cloud of the mystery we hear the awful voices of the gods who decree but do not explain; and who, with larger vision than ours, work out the purification of our nature by processes that often baffle human reason, and controvert the very instincts of human justice. Then follows in the lecture a parallel between the period of the Greek drama and the youth of man which, though eminently beautiful, we are obliged to omit. Passing over all stages that intervene, the lecturer goes to the romantic drama, and shows that the sense of the supernatural and of the relation of man to a controlling power still prevail. Without pointing to tragedies in which supernatural agencies are so directly personified as in *Macbeth*, Dr. Marston traces the influence by its indirect workings as in *Hamlet*. In this play it seems that the problem of human life and its relation to an inviolable fate are throughout suggested.

After an analysis of the play, for which, as for many noble passages of the lecturer, we have no space, Dr. Marston continues: "The entire play, I think, reads in some respects like a remonstrance with destiny." *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello* are then shown to exhibit similar lessons, and the lecturer passes on to protest against the idea of poetical justice or systematically squaring the rewards and penalties of man's condition with his deserts. This notion of illustrating the actions of Providence seems more melancholy than the mystery which hides Providence altogether. We are conscious all the time that pleasure and pain are not in real life so adjusted; that it is the spotless victim which fate calls to the altar, and that the blemished life often escapes all penalties, except those which it causes in itself. In some eloquent passages, which are the very moral and centre of the lecture, Dr. Marston shows how noble is the teaching which, dispensing with all idea of poetical justice, deepens the pathos of true tragedy, broadens our sympathies with humanity, and shows us something to admire and appreciate in the life most wasted or furthest diverted from the right track. In conclusion, Dr. Marston dwelt upon the moral element of self-sacrifice in tragedy. After alluding to Cordelia, Desdemona, Imogen, Viola, and Portia, Dr. Marston showed how nobly this lesson was taught in the fate of Thekla, in Schiller's tragedy of *The Death of Wallenstein*, referring with high praise to the reading recently given by Miss Neilson. Following this came an examination of Victor Hugo's tragedy of *Marion Delorme*, in which the same noble and pathetic teaching is not less eloquently expounded.

In conclusion, Dr. Marston said, "Very imperfectly, as I too well know, but still earnestly, I have tried in these scattered remarks to indicate something of the nature and use of tragic poetry—poetry derived so directly from the soul which ennobles all things that its very strife has beauty, its wail has music—poetry so connected with our deepest sympathies and hopes, so touched with high griefs which border upon delight that he who has no taste for his noble sorrow must also, I fear, be insensible to the best kind of human joy." With no added comment, we leave these eloquent words to sink into the minds of our readers. Could a knowledge of them be but generally diffused our hopes for an amendment in things dramatic would once more be sanguine. K.

HANOVER.—Herr von Bronsart, the Intendant of the Theatre Royal, has enlisted in the German army as a volunteer.

HOHENELBE.—Despite the feeling of general anxiety now prevalent, a Beethoven Festival was lately celebrated here. The whole place was gaily dressed out with flags and banners in honour of the event, and deputations were present from all the neighbouring towns.

BRUSSWICK.—Mad. Franzeska Cornet died here recently. She enjoyed a very high reputation in Germany, but more especially in Hamburg, as a teacher of singing. She was the daughter of Herr Kiel, a member of the opera at Cassel, and was indebted to him for an unusually good musical education. At an early age, she married Herr Cornet, a tenor, who took her, in 1821, to Hamburg, where she made her first appearance in the opera of *Sargino*. When her husband entered on the management of the Hamburg Theatre, she became permanently attached to the company. In 1847, on her husband's giving up management, Mad. Cornet retired from the stage, and devoted herself exclusively to teaching singing. A great many now celebrated German vocal artists were her pupils. Mad. Cornet could not boast of a particularly fine or strong voice, but she turned her natural powers to the best possible account, and made up by consummate skill for what she wanted in power. Like her husband, she possessed more than ordinary histrionic talent.

SIMLA (INDIA).

(From the "Pi neer," July 11.)

On the 6th July the lovers of harmony were regaled at the Assembly Rooms with another concert—Mr. Cockburn's, given under the patronage of their Excellencies the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief. This concert was previously announced for the 27th ultimo, but Herr Mack having applied to Mr. Cockburn (who is the lessee of the Assembly Rooms) for the rooms for his concert on that date, Mr. Cockburn very considerably yielded the point, and postponed his own till last night, which was quite as great a success as the preceding one. Mr. Cockburn was valuably assisted by several talented lady and gentleman amateurs. One of the gems of the evening was the duet, "Mira la bianca luna," sung (and encored) by Mrs. C—n and Major Burne. This gentleman's song, "My Queen," was equally effective. The concerted pieces from *Masaniello* and *Perfida Clori* were excellently well rendered by Colonel Campbell (violinello), Mr. Beatty (flute), and Mr. Cockburn (piano). Mr. Beatty, his first appearance on the Simla boards, quite astonished and delighted the audience with the exquisite execution he displayed on the flute. "The Blue Bells of Scotland," with most elaborate and difficult variations, quite absorbed the audience, and at every pause the performer was greeted with a loud and appreciative applause. Mr. Cockburn's solo on the piano, Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer," was excellently performed, and his very artistic and clever execution of the solo, "Home, sweet Home," transcribed for the left hand only, was considered another of the evening's gems. Mr. Cockburn, in our opinion, has considerably improved since his last visit to England, and there are very few professionals in India superior to him in execution. If Mr. Cockburn happened to be Herr Cockburn, or Monsieur Cobairne, or Signor Cockburni, or Mynheer Cockburnum, instead of plain Mister Cockburn, he would—for a ducat—be infinitely more appreciated. We must not omit Mr. McLeod's song, "The Stirrup Cup," which was very well sung. His Italian duet with Mr. Cockburn was equally good.

FUNERAL OF MR. ROBERT KANZOW BOWLEY.

The remains of this gentleman, late General Manager of the Crystal Palace, and Treasurer to the Sacred Harmonic Society, were interred on Wednesday last, 31st August, at the Norwood Cemetery, at 12 o'clock. Soon after 11 o'clock the cortege started from the residence of deceased, "Rockhills," Sydenham, and consisted of the hearse, drawn by four horses, and four mourning coaches and pairs of horses, each containing the following relations and friends:—

1st carriage: Masters R. and W. Bowley, sons; Messrs. J. Taylor, T. Brewer, and C. Dutton. 2nd carriage: Messrs. J. R. Dutton, C. Stewart, and Bicknell, also Dr. Read. 3rd carriage: Messrs. Price, Grove, Wilkinson, and Husk. 4th carriage: Messrs. Black, R. Taylor, Moore, and Jeffrey.

The outer coffin was of polished wood, and bore a shield, with the following engraved upon it:—

ROBERT KANZOW BOWLEY,

DIED, 25TH AUGUST, 1870, AGED 57 YEARS.

At the cemetery gates the cortege was joined by the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and the members of the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, also a large number of the employees from the Palace, who wished to testify their respect for the departed. Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, Mr. E. T. Smith, and several of the Directors of the Crystal Palace, sent, as a mark of their respect, their carriages to follow.

A little incident we noticed was, Mr. Surmon,* the promoter of the original Sacred Harmonic Society, struggling through the assembly at the door of the chapel, to get near the remains of his old associate. The gentleman in charge of the funeral, observing his distressed state of mind, assisted him through the crowd, and kindly placed a chair for him at the head of the coffin.

Messrs. Garstin, of Welbeck Street, had the management of the funeral.

* There existed a misunderstanding between Mr. Surmon and the late Mr. Bowley, resulting in the separation of the two societies, and Sir Michael Costa establishing the present very successful administration.

DEATH.

On the 25th ult., Mr. ROBERT KANZOW BOWLEY, General Manager of the Crystal Palace and Treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society—aged 57.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the covert opposition of many, the openly avowed dissent of others, and the lukewarmness of some from whom better things might have been expected, the one hundred and forty-seventh Festival of the Three Choirs was duly celebrated last week. We have given full reports in other columns of the various proceedings, and in this place are only concerned with the question whether it is desirable to keep up the meeting of the Three Choirs, a question much discussed, and upon which nothing approaching unanimity prevails. As to the aim and object of the Festival, there is happily no difference of sentiment. The riches of the Church may afford matter for the Liberation Society to prate about before ill-informed audiences, but this is the merest clap-net. If the revenues of the Church were doled out equally the income of the clergy would fall short of £300 per annum. If equality were to become the order of the day the result would be a dead level of dull mediocrity. No profession in the world could do otherwise than stagnate under such a system; and we only advert to it to show how untenable is the position that the clergy may be left to take care of themselves, and make what provision they please for their families. We all know that a clergyman's paper income does not represent his real income; there are outgoings of all sorts, besides the innumerable claims upon his purse for subscriptions and charities. Considering the class of men, their educational and social status, the influence they exercise, the amount of work of all kinds required of them, and their charitable disbursements, it must be admitted that the Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester Clerical Charity is deserving of liberal and general support. No doubt the clergy themselves ought to do more in this behalf. In his recent charge the Bishop of Hereford not only pleaded eloquently for the widows and orphans, but remarked upon the paucity of both clerical and lay support. This ought not so to be. Perhaps the clergy may feel diffident in bringing this question before their parishioners, but a duty ought not to be shirked because it is painful. The clergy can scarcely expect the laity to be enthusiastic, and forward to contribute, if they are backward and indifferent.

But when we come to consider the Festival question proper, there arises divergence and disunion. Let us see what common ground we can all take even here. We suppose no one would be rash enough to assert that a concert is an improper method by which to raise funds for the support of the widows and orphans of the clergy, when almost weekly such entertainments are specially given in aid of restoring churches, building schools, and other kindred objects. We can all of us, therefore, vote for the concerts. The ball again is a mere appendage, got up for the amusement of those who have attended the Festival, which is con-

cluded before dancing commences. We do not know whether the ball itself is a profit or otherwise to the Festival Committee; if there be any profit so much the better, while nobody is any the worse. The Cathedral service is not now suspended, and the offertories are devoted to the Charity. Surely this is as it should be. We have now arrived at the question—Is it right to turn a Cathedral into a concert-room, with its orchestra, differently priced seats, paid performances, ticket collectors, &c.? Let us look steadily at the question. Cathedrals and parish churches are public buildings, built and maintained for public purposes. So are theatres and concert-halls. They have this characteristic therefore in common. But when we come to the purpose of the gathering together in a cathedral and a theatre the similarity ends. The sacred building is consecrated to edification, the secular to amusement. Is the performance of an oratorio edifying? We unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. It is simply a highly developed musical service, bringing before the mind in a continuous and connected narrative the most stirring lives and scenes in Holy Writ. If music be the handmaid of religion, and if musical services are in themselves desirable, then the objectors to the performance of oratorios in our cathedrals are out of court so far. An orchestra is a necessary adjunct, and must stand or fall with choir stalls and organ lofts. But you must pay for admission, and the prices vary according to the position of the seats. It is not so long since pew rents were the rule in nearly all our town churches, and in more than one Hereford church the pew trade still prevails, the price varying according to the *locale* of the seat. Where is the difference? But let this pass. Holding the pew hiring system to be indefensible, we shall not attempt to maintain that two blacks make a white. The position we take up is this—that the sale of tickets partakes of the nature of a subscription towards the Festival expenses, each person thus contributing according to his means, and in return securing the privilege of certain accommodation in the Cathedral, to the exclusion of others who have not so contributed. Every parishioner is entitled to a seat at common law in his parish church. Suppose a church barely sufficient for the number of parishioners attending, the churchwardens must be bound to see all these seated, and to exclude all strangers that are non-parishioners. Because at common law every parishioner is supposed to contribute towards the church expenses, therefore the corresponding right. The Cathedral is the mother church of the whole diocese; all those who attend the celebration of the oratorios have contributed towards the expenses; therefore all these have a right to attend. The different priced tickets is a rough kind of assessment according to means, on the same principle as the old Church-rate assessment, by which each parishioner contributed according to the amount of property he had within the parochial limits. The paid performer-objection is the weakest that can be conceived, for the same may be said of bishops, deans, canons, the parochial clergy, organists, choirs, and clerks. We submit, therefore, that we have fairly met and fully disposed of the various objections urged. We know, indeed, that special objection has been taken to the *evening* performance of an oratorio. But, surely, what is right and proper at eleven o'clock in the morning cannot be wrong at eight o'clock in the evening, and we are bold to say that the bearing and demeanour of the audience on Tuesday will not suffer by comparison with that of the ordinary Sunday evening congregation, whilst the oratorio was more impressive and instructive than many of the sermons delivered from the Cathedral pulpit.

WARSAW.—Herr C. Carlberg, who was summoned, by telegraph, to take the post vacant by the death of Herr J. Strauss, has proved himself worthy of the confidence put in him by the members of the band, and become exceedingly popular.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It must be a matter of satisfaction to the stewards and patrons of the Hereford meeting, and indeed the whole diocese of Hereford, that whilst a puritanical notion of the sanctity of Cathedral churches has of late years appeared to threaten an interference with the continuing of the Festivals at Gloucester and Worcester, there has not been at Hereford the faintest notion of interrupting a practice which antiquity has almost made an institution. To this circumstance—to the feeling of anxiety for success which pervades the whole diocese—more than to any other, it is probably attributable that in the essential element of amounts contributed to the charity which the Festivals instituted, and have always continued to feed, Hereford stands first. The cloud which has overhung the Gloucester Festivals on two recent occasions by the withholding of that support which is expected from the ecclesiastical heads of the diocese, is likely to cast a smaller shadow in the future than it has done in the past. The storm which at one time threatened the Worcester Festivals, brewed out of the eccentric notions of a nobleman whom no one would have charged with immoderate consideration for the sanctity of churches, has ended in the serenest calm. All seems to augur renewed life and vigour to the Three-Choir Festivals, and under these happy circumstances the meeting at Hereford took place.

We find that since the 1867 Festival in Hereford death has removed the reverend divine who then ruled over the diocese. Bishop Hampden, whose aid and countenance was always given to these meetings, died on the 23rd of April, 1868, and was succeeded by the present respected Diocesan. Canons Huntingford and Evans are also numbered with the departed, and their places have been filled by Archdeacon Waring and Dr. Jebb. Beyond these things are much as they were, except, perhaps, we ought to mention, as specially applicable at this moment, that the preliminary skirmishes in what at one time threatened to be a war between the two Cathedral Corporations as to the musical services in the mother church, took place a few months since, resulting, as battles generally do, in the all but ruin of some unoffending men. A truce which was arranged between the contending parties has not yet expired; when it has, it is to be hoped that a peace will be concluded and satisfactory arrangements made for the due performance of Divine service by men whose minds are not affected by any element of strife. Ninety-nine years ago there were only two Stewards of the Festival; this number has gone on gradually increasing until in 1867 there were as many as sixty-one gentlemen connected with the county, who divided between them the duties and responsibilities of their office. This year the number is sixty-two.

THE 147th Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, has taken its place in history; and the records of its leading features prove that the dignity of the institution has not been compromised. Musically, it has been uniformly successful, but the earlier days seemed to suggest grave apprehensions that the financial results would not show an improvement. In 1867 the first oratorio attracted an audience of 651; in 1870 the attendance was 847; the attendance in the evening in 1867 was 275; this year it was 923; and yet, whilst in 1867 the first day produced £188 2s. 7d. to the charity, in 1870 Tuesday gave to the same purpose only £153 13s. 4d. So that, as against £188 2s. 7d., contributed by 926 visitors in 1867, there was a subscription of £35 less in 1870 by a total number of 1,768. In other words, with an increase in number of nearly 80 per cent., there was a decrease in amount of 20 per cent. The returns of the second day are less startling; but they are in the same direction, considered from a purely financial point of view. In 1867 the Wednesday morning attendance was 1,564; the evening was 723. In 1870 the numbers were respectively 1,260 and 383. We have thus a decreased attendance on the second day, as compared with the last Festival; and we have also a decreased subscription, the respective amounts having been £153 13s. 4d. in 1867, and £151 10s. 7d. in 1870. The attendance at the Cathedral on Thursday was not so large as on the previous day, and the amount collected showed a still more lamentable falling off. The numbers present on the Thursday

morning in 1867 were 1,812; in 1870 there were only 886. The amount collected was in the former year £278; in the latter it was £295 19s. 2d. Up to this point, it must be admitted, there has been abundant ground for discouragement. Some other aspects of the meeting have been of a most gratifying character. There has been a unanimity among the ecclesiastical authorities of the city, which we regard with great satisfaction. It is not unworthy of observation, moreover, that the local clergy attended in great numbers. On the whole, the deportment of the congregation assembled in the Cathedral was marked by exemplary decorum, and though the presence of Royalty naturally had the effect of creating a great deal of curiosity, we have no acts of rudeness to censure.

Going back a century, as nearly as the triennial distribution of time will allow—that is, to the year 1771, we find that three days of the Hereford Festival week were devoted to the objects of the charity. But Handel's "Coronation Anthem" was performed twice. The *Messiah* had already become the main attraction. There was a ball each evening which was so directly connected with the Festival that only those who had concert tickets were admitted to it. One fact may be cited as an indication that the musical attractions provided were not of a purely conventional, still less of a provincial character; the oratorio of *Esther* had a conspicuous place in the programme. Advertisers of that era were instructed to announce that "the performers were desired to be in town on Sunday evening, in order to rehearse on Monday, the 26th in the morning, and to dine with the Stewards at the Maidenhead Inn the day following." The stewards were then two in number; but even as at this day Lord Bateman was at the head of them. As part of the arrangements of the meeting, an "ordinary" was appointed for the Wednesday at the Green Dragon, and for Thursday at the Swan and Falcon. To one proof of the advancement of the public in matters of musical taste and general enlightenment we may point with some interest. The *Hereford Journal* in 1771 did not think it any part of its duty to publish so much as one line of musical criticism in its very brief record (extending to not more than half-a-dozen lines) of an event which even then was regarded as one of prime social and professional interest.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(By Electric Telegraph.)

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, 3.30. P.M.

Mr. Benedict's *Saint Peter* just over. Immense success. Hall crowded; audience enthusiastic; magnificent performance of a magnificent work. Ovation for composer.

BOSS.—Herr Wagner (no connection with Herr R. Wagner) has just completed a zinc bust of Beethoven. It is about four German feet high, and will be bronzed over. It is intended as a present from the Bonn Association of Male Voices to the Beethoven Hall.—In consequence of the war, the Beethoven Festival is definitively postponed.

J. Sra. Carlotta Patti.

(From the Rio Janeiro "Journal of Commerce.")

Qualquer, que ouvir da Patti o bello canto,
Ha de crer que nao mais está na terra,
Pois, muito acima da mais alta serra,
Sentir-se-ha cheio de prazer e espanto.
E tal ha de ser nelle o novo encanto
Que exclame: Ou muito em seus juizos erra
Minh'alma, ou já lá vai do mundo a guerra,
E um anjo eu ouço já do reino sante.
Nao é passaro em ramo, que suaves
Melodias no ar soltando esteja;
Nao, com trinados taes nao cantao aves.
A doce enlevo e admiracao entregue,
Sómente quem cantar e rir a veja
Póde crer que mulher a tanto chegue.

DR. L. V. DE-SIMONI.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BIRMINGHAM, Aug. 29.

There has never yet been wanting in this world a set of persons, duly qualified, in their own estimation, at least, to utter predictions on any and every subject, from the result of a horse race to the fate of a nation; and, during a somewhat lengthened experience of musical festivals, I have usually found an ample supply of prophets, who, according to their lights, have prognosticated favourably or the reverse as to the success of these meetings. It has not been uncommon for their vaticinations to prove false; hence I give but little heed to those who croak about the effects of the war, "singers who won't sing, and composers who decline to compose," but prefer to wait patiently until the end of the week, when the official figures will show clearly who is right and who wrong. When I came here for the Festival of 1867 I was told that it was certain to be (peculiarly) one of the worst ever known; the depression of trade consequent upon the financial panic and crisis of the preceding year, the failures of local banks, the losses people had sustained through the sudden collapse of companies, &c., &c., all conspiring to give some sort of colouring to such dismal forebodings, which happily turned out to be unfounded, as the meeting in question was, without exception, the best on record, resulting in a nett amount of £5,541 handed over to the funds of the General Hospital—the largest sum ever realized since the first establishment of the Festivals in the year 1768. But, apart from generalities, a town like Birmingham, whose well-deserved motto is "Forward," should be the last to throw doubt upon the issue of the triennial gatherings, which have had such undying lustre conferred upon them by the honour of producing the greatest oratorio of modern, or indeed of any times, while the perfection of the performances ever since Sir Michael Costa became the conductor, has raised the character of these meetings from a mere local and provincial celebrity to a renown extending not only over the United Kingdom but throughout the Continent of Europe. Nor is it music alone that has made progress in this busy town; the sister-art of painting is diligently cultivated, and an admirable Exhibition, both of oils and water-colours, is held here twice annually, while the local school is largely attended by students who have the advantage of studying under highly capable masters. David Cox was, if not a Birmingham man, at least born somewhere close in the neighbourhood, while other artists from the district are gradually making both fame and profit in the London market. One of the finest collections of painting by modern artists is in the possession of Joseph Gillott (of steel-pen celebrity); and one of the largest picture auctions ever held at Christie & Manson's was in May last, when more than £43,000 was realized by the sale of the collection of a gentleman who for 40 years had been amassing his art treasures within a few miles of this smoky place. Sir Francis Grant, President of our Royal Academy, is also President of the Local Society of Arts, and the late Charles Dickens was President of the Institute which has long flourished here.

The Press, too, is represented with considerable spirit; two daily papers, four weeklies (including an Illustrated News), and a presumable facetious monthly, called the *Town Crier* (whose jokes and allusions being mostly of a local and personal character would fall flat elsewhere), attest the literary activity of what has been called the toy-shop of Europe, on the "lucus e non lucendo" principle, as Germany supplies the greater part of those delights of childhood. Nor are solid and substantial signs of advancing wealth and prosperity wanting, if one may judge by the improvements which have taken place within the last few years; handsome banks, imposing public buildings, shops which would be a credit to the best of our London thoroughfares, carriages and horses that might well pass muster in Hyde Park during the height of the season, and a general well-to-do look both about place and people which should augur favourably for the success of any undertaking to which Birmingham may give its mind.

Having so recently presented an outline of the Festival programme, it is needless now to recapitulate what is to be done this week, as it will be all faithfully recorded in proper order. There is, however, one source of congratulation which must not be passed over unnoticed, and that is, that although it was pretty confidently stated at the close of the last Festival that the name of Costa would no more appear as conductor, the fact is otherwise, while, at the same time, his latest and best work, *Naaman*, constitutes one of the morning performances. Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with other members of the Royal Family, give the patronage of their names; the Earl of Bradford is president (and potentate of encores) with more than one hundred vice-presidents, comprising Dukes, Earls, Marquises, Lords, Honourables, and Baronets, in number sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the most radical and democratic of title worshippers. The principal vocalists are Mdle. Tietjens, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, and Mdle. Ilma di Murska, sopranos; Madame Patey and Mdle. Drasil, contraltos; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Vernon

Rigby, and W. H. Cummings, tenors; Mr. Santley and Signor Foli, basses; Madame Arabella Goddard is solo pianist; M. Sainton, solo violinist; Mr. Stimpson (as usual) presiding at the organ. The preponderance of native talent in this powerful array of artists will not fail to be noticed, while of those who bear foreign appellations we may almost claim one half, Mdle. Tietjens and M. Sainton, having been long enough in this country to become naturalized subjects, and Signor Foli, an Italian in name only. The orchestra, numbering 138 instrumentalists, comprises 28 first violins, headed by M. Sainton; 26 seconds, with Mr. Willy for principal; 18 violas, Mr. Doyle principal; 17 violoncellos, Mr. Edward Howell being in the first place, his father heading the double basses; of the 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 4 clarionets, and 4 bassoons, Messrs. Radcliff, Barret, Lazarus, and Hutchings, are the respective heads, while the brothers T. and C. Harper are (as of prescriptive right), first trumpet and horn. The chorus consists of 96 sopranos, 36 contraltos, 67 altos, 88 tenors, and 87 basses, making up, with the band, a total of little more than 500 executants, all thoroughly efficient. Since the last Festival death has carried off no less than five well-known performers, all more or less eminent and highly respected by the profession and the public. Poor Weiss (whose manly form and genial presence are much missed); George Collins, who succeeded Charles Lucas as first violoncello; Robert Pratten, so long first flute; Trust, equally useful as tenor or harp player; and the veteran Chipp, so many years associated with the big drums.

If the novelties to be produced at this Festival should prove unsuccessful, it certainly will not be the fault of band, chorus, or principals, who have been assiduously engaged at rehearsal from half-past nine o'clock this morning until nearly five, allowance being made for half an hour's interval. The works gone through have been Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, Professor Stewart's *Ode to Shakspeare*, and Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, each being conducted by its composer. This evening, Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*, with sundry other matters, will be rehearsed, so that, altogether, the first day's work will have been none of the lightest for all concerned. Criticism on rehearsals is entirely out of place, but it is no breach of etiquette to say that, from the time occupied by the above-mentioned productions, it is very clear that the performances will be of even more than the usual inordinate length, which is so constantly a recurring fault at most (if not at all) Festivals.

TUESDAY, Aug. 30.

To-day the Festival has begun in earnest, and the croakers are put to shame, as all question as to the result has been most effectually settled by the number of tickets disposed of. Birmingham has long been noted for entertaining what are called advanced views on many subjects. Her politics are liberal, or, perhaps, one should rather say radical, in the extreme, as is fully attested by the statue to Thomas Attwood, which first meets the gaze of the traveller arriving at the New Street Station, and the fact of Mr. John Bright, Mr. Muntz, and Mr. Dixon, representing the town in Parliament. Birmingham has also a "currency" theory which has, at times, excited much debate among those interested in finance, and is in many other matters well to the fore. It is therefore not surprising that those who advocate the ballot for the representation of the people at large, should adopt the system for the distribution of tickets at their Festivals, and one would imagine that a plan at once so fair and equitable should be satisfactory to those who agree to abide by it. Unfortunately, however, human nature is after all but fallible, and those who have paid their guineas for reserved seats and find that the glorious personal indifference of the ballot has relegated them to dark corners close under the orchestra, or to some obscure spot beneath the great gallery, where they can neither see nor be seen, and where the glories of costumes, marvels of the milliner's art, are completely hidden from mortal gaze, exercise the Briton's birthright privilege of grumbling in no measured terms, and roundly objugating the innocent cause of their distress. But, inasmuch as to almost every grade of misery, however low, there may yet be discovered a lower, what is likely to be the state of feeling of those who find that even the inconvenient spots already alluded to are denied them? Well, such is the case with a large number whose anticipations of hearing the *Messiah* on Thursday are ruthlessly destroyed, the applications for places for that day being far in excess of the space at the disposal of the Committee, and as a natural consequence many will be woefully disappointed. The following notice which appeared in the programme might, to some extent, have prepared the minds of those who were looking for unsecured places:—

"SPECIAL NOTICE APPLICABLE TO THE THURSDAY MORNING PERFORMANCE.—*Messiah*.—In the event of applications for guinea tickets, at the time of the ballot, being of sufficient number to justify the Committee in appropriating the whole of the seats in the Hall at a guinea each, the Committee do not pledge themselves to issue any unsecured tickets at half a guinea each."

As it is the whole of the room which is calculated to "seat 2,000 persons of such form and dimensions as shall be agreed" (this, I am told, is the wording of the agreement to build the Town Hall) will be filled with guinea places, and if it could only have been constructed on the principle of somebody's expanding portmanteaus, this number would doubtless be augmented by at least another 500, the popularity of the *Messiah* continuing to increase with each year of its existence. I have heard that some of those who are thus haplessly excluded hint at unfairness and partiality, but such ridiculous and unfounded charges are best answered by the simple circumstance (worth a world of argument) that the chairman of the balloting committee, together with a large party of his own personal friends, are amongst the many shut out from the Thursday morning's performance.

With his accustomed scrupulous punctuality Sir Michael Costa uplifted his *bâton* at half-past eleven o'clock this morning, and the National Anthem was led off by the whole body of sopranos, afterwards joined by the entire orchestra. Then, after a slight pause, Mr. Santley commenced the prophetic recitative, "As God, the Lord of Israel, liveth," which opens the oratorio of *Elijah*, in the grave and dignified manner so well suited to the subject. The custom which first obtained and continued for some little time after the work was originally produced—dividing the part of *Elijah* between two basses—is happily numbered with things of the past, and the same singer now always sustains the rôle of the Prophet throughout. Although at times lying almost too low for his voice, there is no artist before the public more thoroughly capable of doing justice to the music which Mendelssohn has put into the mouth of the Prophet than Mr. Santley, who has seldom if ever sung more finely than upon this occasion. The soprano part in the first division of the oratorio fell to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, whose capability is as widely known as it is fully appreciated, her singing in the part of the widow and the youth being as effective as usual.

In the second part *Mdlle. Tietjens'* grand voice and no less grand method of using it exercised their accustomed sway in the superb admonition, "Hear ye, Israel," and the no less telling "Sanctus," in which Mrs. Santley (a Birmingham soprano, whose local fame would seem to be well deserved), Madame Patey and *Mdlle. Drasdil* also joined their voices. The progress Madame Patey has made during the three years which have elapsed since the last Festival amply justify all that was then said of her, and further time and experience will yet ensure still greater advancement and more complete development of one of the most sympathetic and lovely contralto voices ever heard. A similar observation would also apply to *Mdlle. Drasdil*, who, as she gradually conquers the nervousness incidental to so trying an ordeal as a first appearance at a Birmingham Festival, shows powers of no mean order, her singing of the tender and touching air, "O rest in the Lord," being as remarkable for its unobtrusive simplicity as her fierce declamation in the part of Jezebel was commendable for its dramatic fire. Now that Madame Sainton-Dolby has finally retired from the profession of which she was so long a distinguished ornament, it is gratifying to find two contraltos of such great present excellence and still greater future promise stepping in to fill her place. As this is the first time that Mr. Vernon Rigby has sung at a Festival here, coupled with the fact that he is a native of Birmingham, having served his early novitiate in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Chad's, much interest in his success is naturally felt, and although audible expressions of approval are forbidden at the morning performances, it would appear that the expectations of his fellow-townsmen are fulfilled, so far as the first part of *Elijah*, in which the most striking opportunity is afforded by the air, "If with all your hearts," is concerned. At the evening concerts Mr. Rigby may still more distinguish himself, as the tenor part in two out of the three secular novelties falls to his share. Mr. Sims Reeves sang in the second part of *Elijah* in a manner which fully proved that he still stands alone and unrivalled as our greatest English tenor; the delivery of the little bit of recitative, "See, now he sleepeth," evidencing just as much care and study as the more important air, "Then shall the righteous." Anything finer than the band and chorus, under the potent spell of Sir Michael Costa's directing eye and guiding hand, could scarcely be imagined, and with a vivid reminiscence of how *Elijah* was done here three years since, I do not hesitate to say that this was in all respects a no less fine performance; one which it would be difficult to equal and almost impossible to surpass, indeed, with all the prejudices of a true Londoner, "native and to the manner born." I frankly own that if you want to hear oratorios done to the nearest point to perfection attainable, the Birmingham Festival is your only opportunity, and, despite superior numbers, Exeter Hall and even the Crystal Palace Handel Festivals must hide their diminished heads when compared with the triennial gatherings of this busy place. I am glad to say that the work was allowed to proceed from beginning to end without interruption from Presidential encores, the only matter to which exception could be taken being the movement of those who in their hurry to get out marred the enjoyment of

others who would not willingly lose one note of Mendelssohn's glorious music, but who were sadly interfered with during the whole of the last chorus. Contrary to what has usually been the custom for many years past, the audience remained seated during the "Holy, Holy." I do not know the precise number present, but the hall was excessively full; nor am I, as yet, aware of the amount collected at the doors, and shall, therefore, reserve all statistics till the close of the Festival, which at present has, among other advantages, glorious weather in its favour. To the list of those whom death has removed since the last meeting, must now be added Alfred Nicholson, the oboe player, who expired yesterday after a long and painful illness.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 31.

At the concert last night the first of the five novelties promised for this Festival was produced before an audience completely filling every part of the noble Town Hall, which both externally and internally is at once an ornament and a credit to this busy seat of commerce. The favour with which Mr. John Francis Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, was received at the last Festival led to the commission for a second work, and the composer who has had the opportunity of twice presenting his musical ideas to the world through the medium of the most magnificent band and chorus ever heard, aided by principal singers worthy the occasion, is indeed a fortunate man. The limited time, and still more limited space at one's disposal, to say nothing of the fact of having to attend no less than eight performances, all more or less lengthy, within four days, preclude anything like an attempt (at least for the present) to give a detailed analysis of the twenty-four numbers of which *Paradise and the Peri* is made up. Whether it be the fault of the subject, or the method of its treatment, I will not pretend to say, but the general impression produced on my own mind, as well as that of others whom I have heard discussing the question, was that Mr. Barnett's second work, although containing some clever writing, does not as a whole indicate any marked improvement upon his earlier effort, a certain flatness and absence of colouring being at times apparent, while many of the ideas, although agreeable enough in themselves, are hardly distinguished by any very profound originality of thought. The composer conducted his own work, the principal parts being in the competent hands of *Mdlle. Tietjens* (whose zealous co-operation is never more distinctly brought into play than when exercised on a new composition), Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli, all of whom exerted themselves to the utmost to ensure the success of the cantata. A tenor air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere," and an unaccompanied quartet, "She wept—the air grew pure and clear," were encoored by general desire, and an air for the bass, "Blest tears of soul-felt penitence," was also repeated, but wherefore seemed to puzzle not a few of the audience; for although it was in the first instance followed by some applause, the demonstration was by no means enthusiastic, and certainly insufficient to be construed into a demand for its repetition. In reading the invocation to liberty, which forms the subject of the tenor song above alluded to, one cannot but reflect on the sham patriotism of Tom Moore—the early friend and associate of Robert Emmett—whose life paid the penalty of his devotion (right or wrong) to his country, while the little poet became a professional dinner-out, pet of the drawing-room, a hanger-on and toady of titled lords and ladies, a man whose "heart" was never likely to "bleed" much less "break" in the sacred cause—except on paper. Having honestly stated my own opinion as to Mr. Barnett's cantata, it is no less my duty to record the fact that at its close there was great applause, both from audience and orchestra, which was cordially acknowledged by the composer. As the new work occupied the whole of the first part of the concert, nearly two hours, it was late ere the second portion of the programme (appended below) was entered upon, and it was hard upon midnight ere it was concluded.

Overture (Freischütz)	Weber.
Song— <i>Mdlle. Drasdil</i> , "Sleep dearest, sleep"	Randegger.
Carneval de Venice— <i>Mdlle. Ilma di Murska</i>	Benedict.
Trio— <i>Mdlle. L. Sherrington</i> , Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley	
"Dunque il mio ben" (Flauto Magico)	Mozart.
Song—Miss E. Wynne, "Bid me discourse"	Sir H. Bishop.
Concerto, Pianoforte (in G minor)— <i>Mdlle. Arabella Goddard</i>	Mendelssohn.
Air—Mr. Sims Reeves, "The snow lies white"	A. S. Sullivan.
Song— <i>Madame L. Sherrington</i> (Organ <i>obligato</i>)	Chev. Lemmens.
Trio—Miss E. Wynne, <i>Mdlle. Drasdil</i> , and Mr. Sims Reeves,	
"Qui vi son verdi e prati"	Sir M. Costa.
Airs— <i>Mdlle. Ilma di Murska</i> (Hungarian National Airs)—	
Flute <i>obligato</i> , Mr. Radcliff.	
Air—Mr. W. H. Cummings, "Ah non credevi" (Mignon) ...	A. Thomas.
Duo— <i>Mdlle. L. Sherrington</i> and Signor Foli, "La dove	
prende" (Flauto Magico)	Mozart.
Quintet— <i>Mdlle. Ilma di Murska</i> , <i>Mdlle. Drasdil</i> , Mr. Cummings,	
Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli, "Chi mi frena" (Lucia) ...	Donizetti.
Overture (Zampa)	Herold.

How such an orchestra, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, would play the two overtures set down will be readily understood. Mdlle. Ima di Murska made her first appearance before a Birmingham Festival audience, and created a highly favourable impression by her marvellous execution both of the "Carneval de Venice" and the Hungarian airs. To go into the particulars of what is for the most part so familiar to the London public, and indeed to all who take an interest in musical matters, is (happily) unnecessary; it would, however, have been well if the words of the song composed by Chevalier Lemmens (who played the organ *obbligato* accompaniment) and sung by his wife had been printed in the books. As it was, the hearers were completely ignorant of the fact that it is entitled "The Crossbill," and that the words are by Tennyson. The following (of which I need hardly say I endorse every word) is from the *Birmingham Daily Post*:-

"The next feature, and musically the most important one of the concert, was Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of Mendelssohn's first (G minor) concerto, composed and first performed at Munich in 1832—the same prolific period which witnessed the production of the Italian symphony. It is some nine years, we believe, since this noble work has been heard at our Festivals, and on the last occasion, as on this, Madame Arabella Goddard was its principal interpreter. It is much to be regretted that, in the absence of a really first-class vocal orchestra, we are absolutely dependent on our Festival for the opportunity of hearing such performances, but the privation has its compensations in quickening our appreciation of a concerto when we get it, and especially when the executant is Madame Goddard. To judge by the eagerness with which Dr. Hiller, Mr. Benedict, Signor Randegger, and other of the leading composers now congregated in Birmingham flocked into the hall as the fair pianist sat down to her instrument, the interest excited by the event was not confined to the local musical; and Madame Goddard had not, at all events, to complain of unappreciative hearers. Of the performance it were needless to speak, even if it were possible, at the late hour we write, to do justice to it. Suffice it that the three fine movements of which the work consists—the impetuous and fiery *allegro*, the tender and reposeful *andante*, and the sparkling, vivacious, we might almost say tumultuous *rondo* with which the work concludes—were each and all rendered with admirable skill and characteristic expression. The concluding movement—one of Liszt's grand effects—especially provoked the enthusiasm of the hearers, and on its conclusion loud and hearty cries of 'Brava' from various parts of the hall mingled with the more orthodox applause. The band, we need hardly say, acquitted itself to perfection."

To-day Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman*, composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1864 (September 7th), and not given here since that date, was performed with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley in the principal parts. The tuneful and charming trio, "Haste! to Samaria let us go," and the remarkably effective chorus, "God, who cannot be unjust," were repeated at the desire of the President, who also held up his book as a signal that the very telling and clever quartet, "Honour and glory," should be given again. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, had begun the following number, and, regarding the composer rather than the Earl, continued his task to the great satisfaction of all genuine lovers of music, to whom encores in oratorios are repugnant to the last degree, whether proceeding from the unanimous voice of the public or the mandate of some local magnate "dressed in a little brief authority." While speaking of Mr. Reeves it would be unfair not to mention the magnificent manner in which he sang throughout the air, "Invoking death," calling for special remark. The grief and tenderness infused into the words, "It made me sad, it gave me pain," might well have brought tears into the eyes of many a strong man. The part of the captive Hebrew maid (in which it will be remembered Adelina Patti created such a sensation six years ago), fell to Miss Edith Wynne, for whose voice it might have been written, so exactly is it suited, and our clever English, or rather, Welsh singer, has added considerably to her already well-won laurels by the manner in which she has to-day acquitted herself, while the efforts of all the remaining principals are deserving of recognition as conducting materially to one of the best performances of the work ever heard, the only drawback to which was the extreme flatness and outrageously bad behaviour of the organ, which completely spoiled the masterly *chorale*, "When famine over Israel prevailed," and raised a general and ill-suppressed titter by the concluding pedal notes, which resembled rather the growls proceeding from Wombwell's Menagerie than the sounds one should expect from what is usually honoured by the designation of the King of Instruments—a title which might with some reason be called in question.

At the conclusion of the oratorio, enthusiastic applause and long-continued cheers burst from all parts of the hall, the orchestra, who best know and appreciate Sir Michael Costa's marvellous ability and indefatigable pains, being loudest of all in their tribute to the worth of their chief.

To-night's concert will bring the Festival half-way towards its termination, and vice-presidents, committees, and all concerned, are rejoicing at the certainty of a successful result, now placed beyond all manner of doubt.

THURSDAY, Sept. 1.

Last night's concert opened with the second novelty of the week, in the shape of a cantata containing an orchestral prelude and some half dozen numbers, entitled, *Ode to Shakspeare*, the composer, who conducted his own work, being Professor R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., of Dublin. The composition has one undeniable merit—it is very short; and, as brevity is said to be the soul of wit, so may brevity be considered the soul of Dr. Stewart's production, the execution of which by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Foli, band and chorus, should have fully satisfied the Professor, who has had the singularly good fortune to present his Ode to the public through the medium of a Birmingham Festival. Time and opportunity are both very scarce just now, but did they exist in abundance, it would be no easy matter to criticize a work in which there is really nothing to criticize, so simple and inoffensive is it throughout. There is, however, one considerable profundity in connection with it, and that is the title, which is, indeed, a mystery, and hardly in accordance with the 'eternal fitness of things.' So far as any association with the immortal bard, whom our French friends speak of as the "divine Williams," is concerned, it might just as well have been designated, Ode to Brown, Jones, and Robinson, those companions of our early spelling-book stories.

The cantata was followed by the duo, "E ben per mia memoria" (*Gazza Ladra*), sung by Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Patey, succeeded by another duo, "Tornami a dir" (*Don Pasquale*), Miss E. Wynne and Mr. Vernon Rigby; after which came Mdlle. Ima di Murska with "O luce di quest' anima"—three pieces which have done such an amount of service in concert-rooms for so many years past, that it would be well to consider if they had not now arrived at that stage when they were fairly entitled to a little repose. Mr. A. S. Sullivan then took the *bâton* in hand to conduct his new composition, written expressly for the Festival, and named, *Overture di Ballo*. It has been objected that Mr. Sullivan, being an Englishman, and composing this work for an English Festival, should have given the title in Italian, rather than in his native tongue. Looking, however, at the programmes of the evening concerts, and seeing the proportion of Italian words (in no single instance accompanied by a translation), it may be assumed that the audiences who nightly grace the Town Hall with their presence, are all more or less intimately acquainted with the most euphonious of languages, in which case there is nothing more to be said. From the time when his exceedingly clever *Tempest* music brought Mr. Sullivan prominently before the public, he has done much, and shown abundant capacity for doing much more—his *Prodigal Son*, in particular, being a work of which any modern composer might well be proud. The overture produced last night fully carries out its title, the subjects being of a character at once light and tuneful, and, by their elegance and grace, reminding those who are old enough to remember the olden glories of Her Majesty's Theatre of the time when the ballet was, in its way, as charming and quite as much a feature as the opera;—the days when Taglioni, Cerito, Fanny Elssler, and Carlotta Grisi (most poetical of them all) delighted the eyes no less than the music of *Giselle*, *Esmeralda*, and many more such productions charmed the ear, and the *Can-can* would have been hooted from the stage. The orchestra is very ingenious, the effects are everywhere legitimate, and the large audience listened with pleased attention, applauding at the end with a warmth as spontaneous and hearty as it was well deserved. The following scheme shows how the second part of the concert was made up:—

PART II.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF BEETHOVEN.

Overture (Egmont)	Beethoven.
Quartet—Madame Sherrington, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, "Il cor e la mia fe" (Fidelio)...	Beethoven.
Song—Mdlle. Ima di Murska, "Ah! perfido"	Beethoven.
Concerto—Pianoforte (In E flat) Mdlle. Arabella Goddard	Beethoven.
Song—Mdlle. Tietjens, "Qual furor" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Trio—Madame Sherrington, Mr. Rigby, and Signor Foli, "Fia grata al ciel" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Song—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Adelaide" (with pianoforte accompaniment, by Madame Arabella Goddard)	Beethoven.
Trio—Madame Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, "Tremate, empi, tremate"	Beethoven.
Air—Mdlle. Drasdil, "In questa tomba oscura"	Beethoven.
Finale—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sherrington, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. Smythson, and Chorus (Fidelio)	Beethoven.

Until reminded by the voice of the press that the year 1870 was the centenary anniversary of Beethoven, the Festival Committee seemed to ignore the fact, and it was only by a sort of half-reluctance that the half of one evening was conceded to the memory of the Shakspeare of music. To have such a magnificent band in front of one, and to know that they were not going to play so much as one symphony of the immortal nine, was, to say the least of it, provoking. However, there was no help for it, and one had to take consolation and feel grateful for even the instalment. The overture to *Egmont* was magnificently played, and warmly encored. It was the first time that Mdlle. Ilma di Murska had ever sung "Ah perfido," and although unsuited to her voice, and having to contend against the drawback of a two-days' sore throat, the intelligence which this clever artist brings to bear on everything she does carried her through wonderfully, and the long and trying scena and air met with well merited recognition at (or, rather, by) the hands of the public. How Mdlle. Tietjens sings the *Fidelio* air, and what genuine enjoyment is conferred by the association of two such artists as Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Arabella Goddard in a song and accompaniment like "Adelaide," are too well known to require comment here, but a separate line of praise should be devoted to Mdlle. Drasdil, whose noble voice produced a great effect in the solemn air, "In questa tomba oscura."

To-day the *Messiah* has been given to the delight of an audience who not only filled every seat and every inch of standing room, but thronged passages, corridors, and out-of-the-way places, where, although they might hear Handel's imperishable work, certainly no more saw the executants than the individual in the *Critic* could see the British fleet, and for the same reason. Beyond stating that all the principal artists, except Mr. Vernon Rigby, whose name was not included, sang, and sang their best, and that the whole work was admirably performed and reverently heard by more than 2,000 people it will be sufficient for the occasion. To-night Dr. Hiller's new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti* will be produced, and everyone is on the *qui vive* for to-morrow, when Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, will be given for the first time and is looked forward to as the crowning triumph of a triumphant Festival.

DRINKWATER HARD.

WEIMAR.—Her von Loën, the Intendant-General of the Grand Ducal Theatre, has joined the German army as a Knight of St. John.

HAMBURG.—The patriotic opera, *Zieten'sche Husaren*, is in rehearsal at the Stadttheater.—An Italian operatic company lately commenced a series of performances at Schultz's Theatre, but gave only six, and then pursued their way to Sweden where they are engaged for a considerable period.

AUGSBURG.—The combined Associations for Male Choral Singing lately gave a concert for the benefit of the wounded German soldiers, and the relatives of those who have fallen. The programme included songs of a patriotic nature which were all loudly applauded by an enthusiastic and most numerous audience.

VIENNA.—Herr Campe, a member of the company at the Imperial Operahouse, died lately at Reichenhall. His loss will be severely felt, because, though his talent was not of the highest order, he was a diligent and painstaking artist, whose services were most valuable in a great number of parts, not considerable enough for a leading singer, and yet too important to be entrusted to a bad one.—Herr Wilhelm Westmeyer has composed a new operetta, which he has sent in to the Carl Theatre.—Mr. Adams has left the Imperial Opera. There is a probability that Sig. Ceresa, an Italian, will be engaged in his place. The Signor is at present sedulously engaged in the study of German.—The management of the Imperial Opera are busy getting up *Robert Le Diable*, *Lohengrin*, *La Juive*, *Mignon*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and a new opera, *Judith*, the last being by Herr Franz Doppler.—Herr Gustav Lewy, the music-publisher, has joined Herr Ullmann in a project for giving a series of monster concerts next season.—Herr Ellinger, the Hungarian tenor, has proposed to bring the whole of the operatic company from the National Theatre, Pesth, to the Theater an der Wien, in 1871, and let them give performances of some celebrated Hungarian operas, such as *Bank-Bon*, *Hunyadi*, *Ilka*, and others. There is a probability that Herr Steiner, the manager of the Theater an der Wien, will carry out the idea.—Herr Wachtel will sing in a round of operas at the Carltheater next month.

Words for Music.*

When comic singers, melancholy,
Are in despair to make their way,
They straightway call themselves "the jolly,"
And sometimes find the trick to pay.

Secret of Speke.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

The *Daily Telegraph* thus criticizes Mr. Holmes's cantata, *Praise ye the Lord* :—

"The third morning performance must not be dismissed in the necessarily brief terms of yesterday's letter, if only for the sake of the one novelty at this Festival—Mr. Henry Holmes's cantata, *Praise ye the Lord*. Mr. Holmes cannot fairly be congratulated upon his choice of words, remembering the abundance of excellent matter on the same subject in the Bible and elsewhere. Dr. Isaac Watts is undoubtedly a well-known poet, and his fame is likely to endure as long as that of Milton, though for different reasons. But, to put the case mildly, the worthy author of 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite' did not always rise to the highest level—a fact proved by, among other things, his hymn, 'Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise.' This, unhappily, is the effusion selected by Mr. Holmes, who has tried hard to invest with dignity such lines as—

'What is the creature's skill or force—
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?'

That he has failed may be assumed. That there was any necessity for incurring the liability may be denied. The cantata is short, consisting only of five numbers, and is written throughout with great simplicity both of style and treatment. In point of fact, it makes very little more pretence than Dr. Madan's "Denmark"—a hymn-setting that still exists in remote places. On other points no comparison between the two works can be drawn, Mr. Holmes having written throughout like a musician capable of the better things he should certainly have attempted for such an occasion as this. There is small encouragement to go into details, but it may be well to mention that the hymn contains a chorus, 'Praise ye the Lord,' of the plainest character; a soprano solo, 'Sing to the Lord,' which is decidedly agreeable; a second and partly unaccompanied chorus, 'But saints are lovely,' written, almost literally, 'note against note;' and a *finale* consisting of the repeated opening with a *coda*. In dismissing the cantata thus briefly, it may pertinently be asked whether the Festival of the Three Choirs is tending when works so insignificant are accepted. A little farther advance in the same direction may place it at the mercy of the unknown Handels and Mendelssohns of these provincial regions; at any rate, few beside would care to be mixed up with an institution taking so low a view of what it has to accomplish."

The same paper gave the following account of the third and most interesting morning performance :—

"Beautiful weather and the presence of Royalty have favoured the third day of the Festival even more than the second, the sun shining in a nearly cloudless sky, and the Prince and Princess Christian reaching the Cathedral early enough for the National Anthem to introduce instead of interrupting the performance. But not even these auspicious circumstances could command success, and the audience showed a sad falling-off in numbers. It may be that the public are reserving themselves for the *Messiah* to-morrow—every place is already taken by the lovers of Handel's masterpiece—but I prefer to see in the slack attendance an emphatic condemnation of the miscellaneous programmes to which reference has already been made. That these gatherings should as a matter of principle, honour the greatest works of art, amounts to a truism, as it is now clear that the path of duty is also the path of profit. Had some famous oratorio been presented this morning instead of "odds and ends," the Cathedral, it is safe to assert, would have worn a different aspect. This, however, says nothing against the merits of the compositions selected—merit easily estimated when we mention that the *Reformation Symphony*, *Christus*, "As the hart pants" (Mendelssohn), and excerpts from *Esther*, *Solomon*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Jephtha* had a place in the programme. The Festival now in progress will be remarkable for bold innovations, made in the very teeth of a powerful party, who would either abolish the institution altogether or reform it out of knowledge. The evening concert of Tuesday was on these defiant steps, and the performance of Mendelssohn's symphony was another, and, perhaps, not the least objectionable to many worthy folks. Never before has a purely orchestral composition, unconnected with a sacred subject, been heard in an English cathedral; and the event may possibly initiate important changes in the direction of these Festivals. At any rate, not a few persons are quite ready to admit symphonies—those excepted which have an avowedly secular character—to the Cathedral programmes believing that the noblest example of a noble art cannot possibly degrade the temple of religion. It would be difficult, however, to find one more suitable than that with which Mendelssohn celebrated a great event in religious history. Its lofty dignity, artistic illustration and free use of themes long consecrated to purposes of worship, place it entirely apart from other things of the kind; and might well conciliate even the sternest objector to its use. The impression made by a performance, generally creditable, in some respects admirable, was all that could be desired; and it is hard to conceive the existence of a sense of incongruity in the mind of anybody present. Mendelssohn's fragmentary oratorio, *Christus*, upon which the illustrious master was engaged when he paid the inevitable penalty of overwork, followed the symphony; both it and the performance deserving a more extended notice than can now be given. To dwell upon these interesting evidences of a noble purpose in course of being nobly

developed; to show how almost divine was the simple grandeur of style dictated to Mendelssohn by his exquisite sense of propriety; and to speculate what the oratorio would have been had he completed it, is a labour of love to all who appreciate the highest genius. But the pleasant task cannot be entered upon here; and it must suffice to record that no music yet given at this Festival has made a greater impression, while those who knew it before are still further convinced that the *Christus* of Mendelssohn would have ranked in public esteem with the *Messiah* of Handel. Apart from the solos which were well given by Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Montem Smith; apart, also, from the charming trio, 'Say, where is He?' capably sung by Messrs. Smith, Swire, and Everett, the performance left a good deal to desire. Few, however, will be disposed to visit shortcomings heavily, choosing rather to be thankful for the privilege of hearing music so beautiful and so seldom produced. 'As the hart pants' suffered from insufficient preparation yet more than *Christus*, not even the conductor (who is also, by an objectionable arrangement, secretary of the Festival) having found time to master its details. The solos were sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, who brought to them less than her usual confidence. Mr. Henry Holmes's new cantata, *Praise ye the Lord*, must be set aside till a more convenient opportunity for discussing its merits; and there only remains the Handelian selection, which, happily, can be noticed in the few minutes yet remaining before this letter is despatched. From *Solomon* were taken, 'What though I trace' (Madame Patey), and 'From the censor.' *Jephtha* contributed 'Farewell, ye limpid springs' (Mdlle. Tietjens), 'Deeper and deeper still' (Mr. Rigby), and the chorus, 'When His loud voice.' Out of *Judas*, 'Pious orgies' (Miss Wynne), 'O Father, whose Almighty power,' 'Arm, arm, ye brave' (Mr. Santley), 'From mighty kings' (Mdlle. Tietjens), and 'Sound an alarm' (Mr. Rigby), were the principal selections; the whole concluding with the Coronation Anthem. Almost without exception these familiar things were well rendered—a fact which might easily have been anticipated."

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL SERMON.

By the REV DR JERR, Canon Residentiary.

"He is a father of the fatherless and defendeth the cause of the widows: even God in His holy habitation."—Psalms lxxviii. 5.

In the opening clauses of this jubilant and triumphant psalm, the abounding love of God is associated with His Majesty and honour as things inseparable, as both alike calling for our praise and adoration. You will remember, my brethren, the words which immediately precede: "O sing unto God and sing praises unto His name: magnify Him that rideth upon the heavens; praise Him in his name Jah and rejoice before Him." And thus, throughout Holy Scripture are the things in heaven and the things in earth connected by a bond which shall never be broken; those creatures of His whom by an unfailing charity, displayed alike within the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace, he perpetually nourishes and sustains, and that eternal glory of His boundless and incomprehensible nature which was His before all worlds and shall be world without end. Such were the thoughts of the Psalmist, dictated by an infallible inspiration, when he specially called to mind, as in the psalm before us, the wonders of the deliverance from Egypt, of the Red Sea, of the wilderness of Mount Sinai, of the wars of God, of the supernatural settlement of his chosen people within the borders of their promised inheritance. His glory was seen and the power of His mighty hand and stretched-out arm was displayed, but His mercy was no less exhibited by more than one loving sign—by the deliverance from the waters of the Red Sea, by the manna rained down from heaven, by the waters which gushed out from the rocks in the dry places and which became during their sojourn perennial rivers; by all the tenderness of that care which preserved his people alive for so many years, which forgave their repeated sins by that pity so much exceeding that of a human parent for his children. But if these were the thoughts of David, if themes like these prompted his inspired song, what ought not to be the reflections of Christian worshippers—the free-will offering of our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving—when we think upon the mercies and the glories of God as manifested in Christ Jesus our Lord! If, then, amidst the severe enactments of the older law the cause of the fatherless and widow occupied a place so prominent, how thankful ought we to be that the great law of love, enunciated in that first and great commandment, and in that second, which is like unto it, has been so confirmed and illustrated and expanded by the revelation of Christ our Lord as actually to be called in Scripture a new commandment, known indeed in ancient times, and yet then but partially revealed; the clouds have passed away, and we behold the Sun of Righteousness in the fulness of His glory. And when with the Psalmist we sing praises unto God we know to the very joy of our heart what is implied by the aspiration, "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"—and when we regard him as the Father of the fatherless and the defender of the cause of the widows we know how it is that we are to seek to be partakers of the Divine nature, and by what kind and effectual encouragements, by what preventing and assisting grace we are led to imitate the example of our God—how to practise that pure and undefiled religion, which is "To visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." It is with great thankfulness, my brethren, that I have been led to reflect how often these two great topics, the

celebration of God's glory and the imitation of His mercy, have formed the subject of addresses from this place on the occasion of our Triennial Festival—how earnestly and how tenderly within our own recollection the objects of a very charitable institution have been brought before the congregations assembled here—how frequently that passage of St. James just referred to has formed the text of the several discourses here uttered. But, on the other hand, I am anxious to remind you how frequently also the vindication of these gatherings, considered as choral festivals, has been also urged—a topic which in this very place has called forth the eloquence and pious learning of one of the very best men whom this favoured Church of England was known, when he set forth in words which bid fair to be coeval with our language and common wealth the beauty of holiness, in the Book of Common Prayer, which, after the Holy Scriptures themselves, is our best inheritance. Now, I am the more anxious, my brethren, on the present occasion to bring into connection these two topics—praise to God and active charity towards men, because of late years especially it is to be feared there has been a misapprehension as to the real and fundamental object of this Festival. It is the common error of human nature to take but a one-sided view of a matter which cannot properly be considered but under more than one aspect. Thus it is that in many a question involving various particulars men may be led by their peculiar tastes or notions to disparage one of them, and perhaps to unduly exalt another, forgetting that in those elements of the natural world, which are apparently the most simple as the air and water, there is a perfect combination of more than one ingredient. And so, perhaps, with respect to the present Festival, which if fairly considered, consists of two ingredients, which are each capable of being employed not only with advantage to others, but even I do not hesitate to say—and some of those great and holy men who have preceded me in my present office have not hesitated to say—may be of benefit to our inmost nature; may tend to the health of our souls. Of the charity itself, its scheme is so simple, its claims are so obvious, the want it seeks to alleviate are, unhappily, so open to our observation that upon its specific character I shall think it hardly necessary to speak. But as to the Choral Festival upon which the charity was engrafted, let it be remembered, as an afterthought (for such is its true history), I would wish to offer a few remarks—though time requires they should be cursory and suggestive rather than argumentative—in words which in order to be consistent with honesty and sincere conviction, must be partly those of commendation—partly, if you will so far bear with one who really wishes you well, of censure, though I venture to hope that my expressions of misgiving will hardly deserve so harsh a term. First, then, as to the misconception above alluded to. This Festival, or properly and strictly speaking, this Meeting of the Three Choirs, reinforced by the ability, and I may now thankfully say by religion and piety of many of our first musicians, has been censured by some people as being a mere device and as they esteem it a very expensive one—a very cumbrous machine for the raising of funds for a charitable object. They complain that there is somewhat of pretence in this, that people congregate together and go to some expense under the plea of charity, but really for the object of amusing themselves, of gratifying their ears, and thus, as it is inadequately called, deceiving themselves by false pretences! Now, my brethren, I am not, nor have ever been an unqualified advocate of these Festivals as they have been for several years conducted. But sure I am that great justice has been done by many to the real intention of the Festival as projected at the outset, on the one hand, and to the feelings and principles of many good and pious and active Christians on the other. As already observed, the idea of a contribution for a specific eleemosynary purpose was not that which originated these meetings in the early part of the last century. They were merely similar to those which had been held for some thirty years before. The primary motion was the assembling in the churches of the choirs of the three neighbouring Cathedrals for the purpose of celebrating the glory of God with a choral magnificence, and in a manner which from its very nature could be but occasional and exceptional. For many obvious reasons, into which I cannot attempt to enter, it must necessarily be but exceptional and for one I should not desire it to be otherwise. But it cannot be doubted that the feeling was a religious one—or that if it was an amusement it was so in a far higher sense than the word is usually understood to imply. It is a recreation, like those recreations which we rejoice to derive from the contemplation of the works of God—a sober and intelligent and thankful enjoyment of one of God's great gifts, perfectly consistent with a recognition of God's worship to be not only a duty but a pleasure, which acknowledges music to be a Divine gift, nay, even a matter of Divine ordinance as it was in use, as you, my brethren know, or ought to know, in the Temple. The charitable collection at the doors was an after suggestion of that very man of whom mention has been made—the Rev. Dr. Bisse, Chancellor of this Cathedral, and the author, as you know of "The Beauty of Holiness," in the Book of Common Prayer—one of the most earnest and worthy sons of the Church, and an earnest supporter of this Festival. And surely it is not pretended that by the many sincere servants of God who have rejoiced to congregate here at the rare interval of three years that they come solely to contribute to the charity. Can I do them the injustice to suppose that they do not also come for the glory of God, or at least for the soothing and edification and enlargement of their devotional feelings and their religious taste, for the rational cultivation of that act which, when properly exercised, is as much a healing and medicinal gift of God, as the most potent herbs, or purest waters of comfort. Mention, I have said, is made of expense. Some foolish people there may be who may make such meetings the occasion of some miserable extravagance in dress, or of some

only vanity. We must remember, however, that that is the case in all human assemblies whatever the occasion; nor, so long as man remains a gregarious or social animal will this be prevented. But I very sincerely doubt, I more than doubt whether these exceptional and by no means necessary evils outweigh or at all equal the advantages. Amidst the cares of a miserable world, amidst the pursuits of human nature which have commonly so lowering and mean a tendency, in a nation so absorbed as we are either with the objects of commerce or the unhealthy pursuit of what is called politics (the bad amusement of some and the torment of others with whom it is a necessary though sad and weary occupation)—amidst, I say, all these things, is it nothing that we have such occasions of healthy recreation,—that for a purpose so innocent in itself (for I am speaking not of its abuse but of its use), our provincial towns are cheered for a few days by kindly hospitality and social intercourse? This, to be sure, is not taking the highest ground, and yet the latter consideration deserves attention. But further as to the expense. If there be experienced here the proper influence of high and holy music such as some of our living composers, animated by a spirit evidently religious, are seeking to invoke, who can find fault with the moderate expenditure involved. It is not for me here to speak particularly of amusements properly so called; I would only entreat those who employ such an argument to ask—How much money is spent without reproach by some of those very persons who condemn our Musical Festivals as wrong, sacrilegious, or wasteful, upon some favourite amusement of perpetual recurrence, involving great waste of time, much idleness, some expenditure of dress? I would ask them to think of this, and then to examine candidly how far the results of the latter are to be compared for excellence or permanence with those of the other? Let me add this expense has been incurred from time to time by many who, in the ordinary tenor of their lives, are charitable, self-denying, and religious, and given to bless good works such as this Festival promotes, being themselves the habitual friends of the poor, the fatherless, and the widow. And can we be so ungrateful as to forget that among the gifted performers on these occasions there have been many who have shown in the very exercise of their difficult and laborious profession a largeness of heart and a charity which their God will assuredly not forget and will abundantly reward. I speak of both the living and the dead. But the time warns me that I must hasten on, though I find it difficult to compress the thoughts which arise upon a subject so interesting. Let me, then, somewhat abruptly pass on to the subject of the several oratorios which have now become common within such walls as these. With the fullest admission that their performance at cathedrals does not date back further than the middle of last century, it is at the same time with the most real and heartfelt gratitude to God that I recognize an increased religious feeling in the composition of these works, which, indeed, never has been altogether wanting, but which, to judge by what will be heard during the present Festival, has been on the increase. It is notorious, too, that on the part of the hearers sobriety of feeling, decorum, and religious attention, has been manifestly on the increase also, so much so that on the last occasion of the holding of the Festival in this place, the reflection which obviously suggested itself to my mind was that those present constituted not so much an audience as a congregation. May not such considerations mitigate at least the criticism of those who regard all concerted sacred music as mere exhibitions, who choose to look upon an orchestra as something profane, and who believe that there can be no religious music in which rough and undisciplined voices, guided by a rejection of all taste and knowledge, or by utterly incorrigible ears do not join; and who would, in short, convert the music of the Church into noise? May it not be conceded that a man may praise God as truly and as cordially while listening with his ears as when audibly joining in the song? May he not effectually praise God with his heart while following with devotion and feeling the vocalization of others who, so far (that is externally, not internally or spiritually), are his representatives? But here, my brethren, arises the deep question of religious edification. Upon such a topic I can only barely touch. When the lawfulness or edification of some oratorios or scientific Church music and instrumentation are in question I would venture to remind you of the answer given by the eminent French divine, Bancelin, to a lady who asked him as to the moral lawfulness of certain amusements: "Madame," he replied, "I ought to ask that question of you." Your own conscience, my brethren, must bear you witness in this respect. If you come here merely for that indulgence in music which is sensual, which is abstracted from religious feeling, which regards this holy fabric as a mere concert-room, which fails to regard these performances as auxiliary to the more direct worship of God, I would counsel you either to stay away or to pray to God to give you a better mind. And yet I must be bold to say that that man's heart must be strangely constituted who may not receive some religious, and therefore salutary impressions from those illustrations of the Divine narratives and prophecies or those holy aspirations of inspired men which will form the subject matter of our present Festival—which speak of the glorious life of the Prophets of the Lord or celebrate the wonders of the newly-created world, which sing of the innocence and piety of Isaac and Rebekah, the exemplars of holy matrimony, which recall to us the great doctrines of repentance and forgiveness (in the history of the Prodigal Son), or which place before us the Judgment seat of God, the life and sufferings of Christ; the parting of the Soul for the living God, or direct praise of him for the works of His hands, or lastly that most sublime of all musical epics which celebrate the sufferings and glory of the Messiah—I say that they must

have a strangely constituted and perverted heart who could derive no spiritual benefit from such performances as these. But here, my brethren, I must interpose as briefly as may be a few words of misgiving. Without the slightest intention of disparagement to those whose pious labours—for such they are—to which I have alluded, I must express nevertheless a regret in which I am by no means singular, that there should have been so large a departure of late years from the original system in these Festivals: of having the regular service of the Church, with its unequalled supplications and thanksgivings, thrown into the shade and divested of its choral accompaniment of instruments and full harmony which formerly adorned it. Doubtless we have much to be thankful for of late years, and most grateful do I for one acknowledge the returning sense of piety which by a bad and lawless innovation had been suspended; but let me remind you that for many years after the institution of this and earlier Festivals of the same kind (dating to the time of the Restoration) there was a full choral service celebrated on both of the days to which the festival was originally limited. On one of those days that almost inspired composition of Handel's, the "Dettingen" *Te Deum* was introduced in its proper place, and on the next day that of Purcell, the precursor of Handel's and, though it be a bold thing to say, in some respects its superior; and the rest of the choral performance was confined to some of the noblest anthems which have ever been rendered in the Church of God. In the course of time, however, an innovation was made which, though an innovation, yet was so exceptional in its character, so intrinsically excellent as to become before long part of the devotions of the people—I mean the introduction of the oratorio of the *Messiah* into our cathedrals on one of the days of the Festival when their number was enlarged to three. That glorious musical epic stands alone. It struck upon a chord and nerve of the English people which had never been so excited before. It told in musical language, and with a devotional feeling never yet equalled, the life of Christ in the words of Revelation, selected with a skill fully harmonizing with its religious strains. It was the deliberate opinion of the great Alexander Knox that this noble composition was, under God, one of the means by which the religion of England was preserved in a low and degenerate age from utter corruption; and I must confess to a strong feeling of repugnance too having a subject so very sacred, and which it is known its author produced under the most fervent religious impressions, performed elsewhere than in a consecrated house of God. It harmonizes with every association of architecture, ritual, and all the appliances of religion which characterize our great ministers. And yet it is right that our daily services, identified of old with the Festival, should be thrown as it were, into an obscure corner of the day? The *Te Deum*, *Jubilate*, and some noble anthems, rendered with a solemnity unknown to the rest of the world should form no integral part of our Festival. It was with a regret which has never since abated that many years ago I unexpectedly witnessed the altered method of celebrating the Songs of the Clergy at St. Paul's when some utilitarian or prudential reason (I really do not care to know what it might be) the glorious Morning Service with the "Dettingen" *Te Deum*, accompanied by a full band of instruments (emulous of the choirs of Asaph and Heman) was discontinued, and an ordinary choral service, celebrated in the lazy afternoon, was substituted. I never since have had the heart to attend these Festivals, so degraded and mutilated. It is to be feared that this glorious *Te Deum* will become as absolute to the public as that of Purcell has already become to the youth of our generation, and it would be a miserable, I might almost say a profane, arrangement if mere selections from this great work should be relegated to the Crystal Palace or the public concert-rooms in our large towns. I cannot but think that all the genuine ends of our Musical Festivals might be attained, were the oratorios made subservient to the liturgical offices of our Cathedrals. Without in the least desiring to see the genius of our musical composers repressed, there are ample means for the encouragement of that genius which is now springing up—that religious music is a living art, and tending more and more, to the glory of God. And now let me, if indeed it be necessary, remind you, who directly profess and cultivate this noble gift of God, to consider how great are your responsibilities, how valuable your opportunities of administering to the best religious interests of your fellow Christians. We know—we gratefully acknowledge—how often in your performance the mouth has spoken from the feelings of the heart, and how conscientiously you have sought to adore the oracles of God to the edification of the hearers. Surely it has occurred to you that under God you may be instrumental even to the saving of souls. If I have now touched a chord to which you respond you will sympathize with these words; perhaps receive encouragement. But at all events I pray to God that in this, as in all righteous endeavours, He may prosper you, and make the words of your lips acceptable in His sight. And so with those who represent in our assemblies the trumpets of Zion, the psalteries of Asaph, and the harp of David. To others, however, some of whom may be present in this congregation, I cannot leave off without offering some remarks, for which I would my conscience could permit me to abstain. But let me ask—are the claims of this House of God as a place of worship sufficiently regarded by the inhabitants of this town and country? Why is it that the opportunities of daily prayer are so notoriously neglected—that people will come into Hereford and postpone attendance at this service to the most trivial visit or detail of business? A half-hour earlier or later to be devoted to His solemn worship here is so much grudged—nay, even when periodical concerts are held in the adjoining College-hall their frequenters seem to forget that that very College was founded and built under

the shadow of the Cathedral for the purpose of maintaining its daily services. These things, my brethren, ought not to be. They are among the scandals of our generation. I and others of my brethren have stood here ministering day by day, and have witnessed this neglect with sorrow of heart, so that one is almost tempted to say, "The ways of Sion do mourn because none come to her solemn peace," and yet among those who stay away are some who mercifully find fault with our Cathedrals, never having taken pains to understand our great difficulties, our real constitution, who stay away, and yet who talk of the thinness of our week-day congregation! Truly they take an ingenious method to remedy this last defect. Will not the at least present awful times warn you? Do you not feel that our very recreations at such a time are almost unseasonable; and ought it not to be our endeavour to render these Festivals not only more religious than before, but also to introduce in our daily life more attention to God's worship, more faithful homage to the King of all the earth? Who can tell how long these buildings may remain to us as the sanctuaries of God—whether this Cathedral will be continued as such three years hence, when, in the ordinary course of things, this Festival should recur. The judgments of God are broad. God give us all repentance ere it be too late!

PROVINCIAL.

HERNE BAY.—A correspondent informs us that a concert was given on Thursday, the 25th ult., in the New Town Hall, in aid of the Christ Church Enlargement Fund, when a large audience assembled, and were evidently pleased with the programme provided for them. Among the amateurs who lent their kind aid were Mrs. Francis Talfourd (always ready to assist a good work) and Mr. Croft. The artists who gave their aid were Miss E. Howell, Mrs. H. Geary; Messrs. V. Nicholson, Longhurst, E. Howell, Lawrence Alport, and Aguilar. Many of the pieces were re-demanded, including Weber's "L'Invitation à la Valse," pianoforte, Mr. Aguilar, who, instead of playing the same piece again, gave his transcription of "The Blue Bells of Scotland;" Balfe's "Good-night, beloved," Mr. Croft ("La Donna e Mobile," substituted); and a song by Mr. Edward Terry, entitled "Complaints," sung by Mr. Lawrence Alport, who answered the demand for repetition by giving one having a military subject for its burthen. Several other compositions were received with favour, including a trio by Mayseder, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Miss Fanny Howell, Mr. V. Nicholson, and Mr. G. Howell); a violoncello solo by Piatti, capably played by Mr. Howell, who was deservedly re-called; a transcription, for pianoforte, of "Chi mi frena," well played by the composer (Mr. Aguilar); and Professor Bennett's chorus from the *May Queen*, "With a laugh as we go round," arranged as a trio, excellently sung by Mrs. Francis Talfourd, Mrs. H. Geary, and Miss F. Howell. Two duets, a "Souvenir," by Signor Pinsuti, and "Greeting," by Mendelssohn, were well rendered, the former by Mrs. Francis Talfourd and Mr. Croft, and the latter by Mrs. Geary and Mr. Howell, pleased greatly. Mr. Croft's singing of Herr Blumenthal's "May Queen" must not be passed over without a word of praise. The conductor was Mr. Longhurst, who executed his duties in musicianly style.

WAIFS.

Herr Maurice Strakosch is in London, *en route* for the United States. M. Jacobi, the well-known *chef d'orchestre* of the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens, has arrived in London.

The two carved oak chairs placed in Hereford Cathedral for their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian were sent from Stoke Edith Park for the occasion by the Lady Emily Foley.

Among the most efficient members of the chorus at the recent Hereford Festival were thirty-two singers from the famous Bradford Choral Society (under the direction of Mr. Leach).

Mr. Mapleson, with his Italian opera troop, headed by Mdle. Tietjens, will give operas in Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., during this and the ensuing month. In November he has leased Covent Garden for a short winter season.

Mdlle. Nilsson passed through London during the week *en route* to Liverpool, to embark for the United States in the Cunard line mail ship *Cuba*, which leaves the Mersey this day. Mr. Jarrett, her agent, accompanies her.

The editor of the *Tomahawk* writes as subjoined:—"Owing to the inability of the liquidator of the estate of Sir William Russell, Bart., to comply with an order of the Court of Bankruptcy in reference to the *Tomahawk*, I am forced to stop the publication of that periodical at the height of its popularity."

The Baron von Rabe, husband of Madame Pauline Lucca, died a few days ago from the effects of the wounds he received at one of the recent battles between the German and French troops. Herr Bock, son of the eminent music publisher of Berlin, has, we hear, met with the same fate.

Mr. Townshend Smith, who had been previously thanked by his Royal Highness Prince Christian, was after Thursday morning's proceedings in Hereford Cathedral sent for by the Princess, to whom he was introduced by Lord Bateman. Her Royal Highness said she had been very delighted with the performances, and that they had been a great treat to her, a compliment which by general assent Mr. Smith well merited.

DEAR LORD BATEMAN,—I am deaired by Prince and Princess Christian to offer to you, and all others concerned, their Royal Highnesses best thanks for the manner in which the arrangements for their visits on Wednesday and Thursday last to the Musical Festival were carried out, and to assure you of the great pleasure which their Royal Highnesses derived from their attendance on those occasions, and how sensible they are of the cordial welcome they received in Hereford.—I remain, yours very truly,

Stoke Edith Park, Ledbury.

CHARLES ELIOTT.

Miss Faithfull is about to give a series of lectures on purely literary subjects on the 19th September, before the Popular Science Institute at York; in October at the City of London College, and the Hartley Institution at Southampton, &c. During November Miss Faithfull will lecture in Devonshire and Cornwall, and in December at the Philosophical Institution, Newcastle, and throughout Scotland. We understand she has offered to lecture elsewhere in aid of the funds being collected for the relief of the wounded French and German soldiers.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WHITE (Canterbury).—"Too Late"—song, by Arthur R. Dering. ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Princess Louise Waltz," by Charles Godfrey. METZLER & Co.—"War Songs of France and Germany;" "Musical Bijou," No. 25; "The Message from the Battle Field," sung by J. Hullah; "La Marseillaise," for the piano, by I. Liebig; "The Watch by the Rhine," by C. Wilhelm.

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